ANNOUNCEMENTS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WHERE TO STAY! WHAT TO DO!

Hotels

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Air Conditioned Grille
Popular prices. For reservations Han. 1400

HOTEL BRAEMORE
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Every Room an Outside Room.
One minute walk from Back Bay Station

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Running hot and cold water all rooms, shower baths.

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Boston's Talk of the Town.
Broiled Live Lobster, 60 Cents.
Half Broiled Spring Chicken, 45 Cents

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ALL EXPENSES PAID

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Special Summer rates to tourists.
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Hotels

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WINTHROP HIGHLANDS

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American Plan $4.00 up daily
$20 up weekly. World's prettiest spot
Winthrop Highlands, Mass., on the ocean

26 Where to Dine

DINI'S SEA GRILL
SPECIAL DINNER 65c.—$1.00
SPECIAL NOON LUNCH 50c—75c
94 TREMONT ST., BOSTON CAP. 8088

O SOLE MIO American-Italian restaurant, 238 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. Famous for steaks and lobsters. Specializing in Italian dishes. Open daily 11 a. m. to 1 a. m. Phone Devonshire 9563.

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KASANOF'S Model Bakery, Inc., 227-255 Blue Hill Ave., Roxbury. High 8579.

Banks

Merchants Co-Op. Bank
24 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON, MASS.
DIVIDENDS PAID REGULARLY
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SUFFOLK CO-OP. BANK
44 BROMFIELD STREET
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$1.98 Perm. Others $2.50-$3.50 and $5. Capitol Beauty Shop, 308A Broadway (25c Shop), Som. 7503.

Kaplan's Beauty Shop, 1059 Washington St. Dev. 8400. Bonat Perm. $2.50-$4.

Special Bonat Permanent Wave $5.50-$8. Mable's, Rm. 1012, 8 Winter St. Han. 5646.

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$3.50 A BUS TRIP TO NEW YORK 251 TREMONT ST. LIBERTY 5687 VICTORIA BERKSHIRE COACH LINE

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Cloth Weaving

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Down and Wool Puffs

DOWN and Wool Puffs recovered like new. Atlantic Mills, 791 Tremont St., Com. 2451.

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SPELLING—Book of Puzzling English Words, 10c, at book and stationery stores. Han. 4664.

Electrical Repairs

PERRY ELECTRIC CO. Motors, bought, sold, repaired. Refrig. motor specialists. 30 Congress Ave. Chelsea 0017-W.

Exterminators

Murphee Fumigating-Exterminating Co., 13 Forest St., Medford. Mys. 2344. Satisfaction Guar.

Fireworks

MASTER & WELLS Fireworks Mfg. Co., 229 Needham St., Newton Upper Falls. Cen. New. 1930.

Funeral Directors

WALTER J. O'HARA, FUNERAL DIRECTOR, 1864 Mass. Ave., Cam. Kir. 4187

Joseph L. Fitzpatrick & Sons, Funeral Directors—Chapel, Medford Sq., 8 Main, Mys. 0500-W. Res. 373 Main, Mys. 0500-R

Grocers

BOSTON I STORES—Meats, vegetables, groceries, 1028 Chestnut St., Newton Upper Falls. Center Newton 1969.

KING'S MARKET—Groceries, meats, vegetables, bottle goods. 178A Main st., Medford. Mystic 6275.

Gardening

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William H. Flynn—Also other insurance, 496 Ashmont St., Dorchester. Col. 8559.

Jewelry and Diamonds

OLD GOLD — Jewelry — Silver Bought. Provident Loan, 39 Cornhill, Boston.

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Mystic Laundry Co., 448 High St., West Medford. Expert service. Mystic 3121.

Lawyers

Eden K. Bowser Wakefield Trust Bldg. Wakefield, Mass.

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Moving and Storage

BOSTON

HUB Storage & Warehouse Co., moving, storage and crating. 849 Wash. St. Han. [illegible]

SOMERVILLE

ALEX McDOUGALL, Moving and storage, formerly of Beacon Hill. 25 Clyde St. Som. 0728.

Paints and Varnishes

CAMP and cottage paint, $1.79 gal. N. E. Oil, Paint & Varnish Co., Haymarket Sq., Laf. 3865.

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EXPERT cleaning, repairing and storing. Call for free estimate. Warren S. Baziran, 212 Newbury St. Com. 1885.

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Barbara Holmes
American-Advertiser Free Rental Bureau. A free service for landlords and realtors. 4th floor, R. H. White Co. Han. 4100.

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PAINTING—$2.00 a room; ceiling, $2.00; rooms papered, $3.00. My paper. Satisfaction guaranteed. Tel. Talbot 2115-Gen. 1323.

Salt Producers

INTERNATIONAL SALT CO., INC., 427 Statler Office Bldg., Boston. Hub. 2226-2227

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MAGAZINES—Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan, Harper's Bazaar. 458 Park Sq. Bldg., Subscription Department. T. A. McMullin, Mgr. Telephone Hubbard 6020.

Schools and Colleges

PHARMACY—Summer classes. MERIANO SCHOOL OF PHARMACY, 240 Huntington Ave.

Where to Dine

POLLY PERKINS—71 Hancock St., nr. Mt. Vernon, luncheon, dinners, 35c-65c. Laf. 8979.

POPEYE, the Sailor Man, every day on the Boston American comic page.

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Cheney's Reliable Remedies. Most complete stock of rare and valuable drugs in United States.
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16 Personals

WIN $60 PER WEEK
FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE
If you play the races we will put you next to a little trainer's secret system that should place you above want as long as you live. No obligations. Just send your name and address to SECOR COMPANY, AURORA, ILL.

It's 'Love in Bloom' for Mickey Alpert

◆◆◆

He Not Only Sings It, He Means It Now

MICKEY ALPERT, romantic crooner, is putting feeling today into the ballad, "Love in Bloom," for, according to rumor, love is doing just that for Mickey. The party of the second part, they say, is Kathryn Rand, his dancing partner on the S. S. Royale, newly opened night club.

It's "Love in Bloom" for Mickey Alpert, night club singer of lush romantic ballads—and he's not only singing it, he's meaning it.

And the object of his affection, so report goes, is pretty little Kathryn Rand, his song-and-dance partner at the newly opened S. S. Royale, and his club associate for the past two years.

When Mickey sings: "My Time Is Your Time," these days, he means Kathryn and acts accordingly. Friends and relatives testify his time is, indeed, all hers.

And when he pleads: "Tell Me That You Love Me," he's in earnest, if Kathryn is within earshot.

Kathryn, during her time between dances and songs, is invariably accompanied by a member of the Alpert family; Mickey's brother, Herbert, or his sister. It appears, intimates say, to be a real romance at last for Mickey.

Yesterday, when the question was put to him point blank, he said wistfully: "Ask Kathryn if it's true, and bring me a verbatim answer."

Kathryn was asked. She smiled demurely, and said nothing.

Nightly, Mickey and Kathryn do a little skit, to the tune of "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet."

And, maybe, some of these days——.

GIRL'S VICTIM OF LIE TRIES TO RAISE BAIL

O'Connell Convicted of Attack "Just for Joke" Needs $3000 Bonds; Free Today

Arthur J. O'Connell, who has been granted a new trial, after being sentenced to a long term [illegible] State prison on a serious charge, is expected to be released on bail from Charles st. jail today.

He has been at the jail, where he was brought from the prison, since Judge Hammond ordered the new trial when one of the two small girls involved in his conviction declared her testimony against him was "all lies."

The new trial is set for July 1, but his attorney, M. Martin Gouldey, stated yesterday he would ask for a continuance, on the grounds that new and important evidence has been brought to his attention.

Defense witnesses, including school teachers and three young school companions of one of the girls, will testify at the coming trial, Attorney Gouldey said.

Yesterday Gouldey appeared at the jail, and informed officials he had been unable to raise the total of $3000 bail set by the court. The amount had been reduced from [illegible]. Attorney Gouldey stated, however, he expects to raise the required sum to effect his client's release today.

May C. Cunningham of Longwood ave., Phyllis Jango of Tremont st., were the two schoolgirls who accused O'Connell. The Cunningham girl said he had attacked her, in the Fenway, on May 21, and the Jango girl, at the trial, supported her testimony.

Recently, the Jango girl repudiated her testimony, declaring she had lied, at the suggestion of the Cunningham girl, and had made up the story "just for a joke." The new trial was then ordered.

Three school chums, who are said to have talked with Phyllis on the day following the alleged attack, will tell of their conversation, Atty. Gouldley said.

Charles M. Lamphrey, principal of the Martin school, and other teachers at the school, will also be witnesses, Gouldey stated.

"We have an impressive list of witnesses to show that my client is innocent," Gouldey said. "They have come forward voluntarily with their stories, and will throw new light on this case."

O'Malleys Ready to Buy Braves

Continued from Page 18

fans and the club, spurned the offer.

Three other Braves players have a total National League sale value of annother $100,000 and could have been disposed of, but Judge Fuchs declined to consider these deals.

The spurned sale to the O'Malley Associates, with headquarters at 244 Washington street, will be handled though Carleton Keddy & Co., investment bankers of 49 Federal street.

Two groups are negotiating for the purchase of the club. The O'Malleys have the inside track.

The other group is headed by Major Francis P. Murphy, Nashua, N. H., shoe manufacturer and includes James Campbell, of Sanford, Me., textile manufacturer and at least one other person.

A special meeting of trustees of the O'Malley Associates was held in Boston yesterday in connection with the purchase plans.

It followed a conference between Louis O'Malley, Technology graduate and president of the New England Financial Service, and Charles D. O'Malley, the other son, who is treasurer of New England Financial. Both sons are executives in several New England manufacturing enterprises.

MEET FRICK MONDAY

Negotiations for sale were discussed with Thomas Kelley, representing the Carleton Keddy interests.

Upshot of the meeting was the decision to send Charles D. O'Malley and an attorney representing the O'Malley Associates to New York today.

In New York tomorrow they will meet with Ford C. Frick, National League president, for the dual purpose of obtaining the last and exact quarterly standing filed by the Braves with the league's financial secretary and the formal official sanction of the league heads for the deal.

PRINCIPALS SILENT

Charles J. O'Malley, president and treasurer of O'Malley Associates, told the Boston Sunday Advertiser last night he preferred not to discuss the impending deal, the details of which were being handled by his sons, he said.

His son, Charles, before departure for New York, admitted that several conferences had been held regarding the Braves with representatives of Carelton Keddy & Co., but said reports of the purchase sale were premature and that he would prefer to wait for final negotiations before making comment.

Carleton Keddy, head of the banking concern handling the Braves sale, said:

"The matter, with one other transaction with another group, has been under consideration for some time. At this time I cannot discuss the O'Malley-Braves situation as it is in the hands of Thomas Kelley, our representative."

Kelley said that he himself was negotiating with the other group, which he would not name.

The Adams mortgage on Fuchs' $185,000 stock holdings in the club has been extended through the bank on many occasions but will not further be extended, it is understood. This matter is one of prominence in the O'Malley negotiations.

$49,000 IN DEBTS

The bank has $19,000 in additional claims against the Braves and there is $40,000, approximately, outstanding in small debts, including unpaid salaries.

Though the idea is not in accord with certain parties interested in disposal of the club, Judge Fuchs is expected to remain in some official capacity perhaps like that of Eddie Collins with the Red Sox, if the deal goes through.

If the Braves do pass into possession of the O'Malley Associates, a thorough rehabilitation of the club will be in order to give the fans a pennant contender and the strength which the late lamented Babe Ruth deal failed to supply.

Charles J. O'Malley, former Boston journalist and for many years head of the O'Malley Advertising & Selling Company, is one of Boston's wealthiest and best known business men.

The O'Malley home is at 2500 Beacon street, Chestnut Hill. The family has a summer estate, Gray Ledges, at Cohasset, and a mansion situated in the center of 12,000 acres at Reenafurra, County Kerry, Ireland.

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3 PIECE LIVING ROOM SET $8.95 EASY TERMS

3-Piece Bedroom 13.25
Rebuilt Electric Kelvinators $49
6-Pc. Dining Room........11.50
Room Size Linoleum Rug...1.00
Electric Radio 3.85
Full Size Metal Bed........1.49

STUDIO COUCH 3.95

WOOD GLIDER 4.95

OPEN MONDAY TILL 8 P.M.

ICE BOX 3.95 Easy Terms

CHEST of DRAWERS 2.98 Easy Terms

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ROXBURY
Take Savin Hill or Edward Everett Square Bus from Northampton Street

Walter Winchell

On Broadway

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New York Heartbeat

Faces About Town: Heywood Broun, the essayist, waddling west on 53rd, and getting as gray as cafeteria milk about the temples . . . Jack Dempsey giving H. Hershfield the "hot foot" with great sucess . . . Judith Anderson and Helen Menken, reported twice by as many paragraphers as talking to each other only during the "Old Maid" performances, arm-in-arm at 40th and the Canyon . . . Lawrence Tibbett, one of the greatest of the singers, refusing to walk to a table at the Versailles while Deane Janis, a warbler, was doing her songs. Professional courtesy . . . Dr. Dafoe exiting from the Chatham on W. 48th with Fred Davis, who takes all those photos of the quins . . . Sydney Fox, the leading lady, just out of the hosp and wearing bandages instead of a girdle, on E. 50th . . . Helen Mack, of the kodak shows, between acts at "Anything Goes," obliging autograph collectors. One kid actually getting her signature four times and selling them for two bits . . . Peggy Joyce being introduced to a man and not a bit interested until she is told that he is the superintendent of the Assay Office—where all that gold is kept!

Adele Astaire

Bebe Daniels

Street Scenes: The Beeckman Street Hospital ambulance responding to a call on Park Row, with the most eye-filling blonde seated on the rear. She's the interne! . . . Former vaudeville stars groaning over the Palace billing which exploits its movies and not a mention of the vaudeville attractions! . . . The "Mansion" wedding hall in the Ghetto, which burned during a wedding—killing three. On the steps two lovers holding hands . . . The numerous wheel-chair patrons entering the Music Hall . . . The placard in an undertaker's on 2nd Avenue, to wit: "Join Our Merry-Makers' Club"! . . . A Rolls-Royce pauses at a cinema, depositing Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt and her child. The movies being: "Living on Velvet" and "If I Were a Millionaire."

Manhattan Vignette: At the corner of 45th and Broadway, a blue-suited, spectacled man passes a blind mendicant . . . He retraces his steps to press a bill into the beggar's hand . . . On the next block another of the familiar mendicants pedals along . . . The same lad "stakes" him, and sighs a little . . . It is among the guesses that he does it often. Probably his way of paying back the men and women who inspired one of his greatest money-makers, "Lady For a Day," which dealt with them . . . His name is Damon Runyon—160 pounds of heart.

New Yorchids: The good looks and listenable cooing of Ann Haines at Leon & Eddie's. Her version of "You're My Thrill" is something to keep late hours about . . . The Beale St. Boys (a Memphis quartet) at Healey's, and Jack White's comical routine as a rabble-rouser . . . "The Silver Rattle," an interesting book, which La Bankhead sends to friends who are blessed-eventing . . . Simon & Schuster's "Eyes On The World," a collection of history-making pictures . . . George Raft in "The Glass Key" . . . "Swing It," from "Sketch Book," the best of the current toe-tappers . . . Johnny Green's music magic on the St. Regis roof . . . The recording of "Hollywood Holiday" by Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher . . . Scallions to Rep. Culkin, a reformer, who is trying to have Bernie taken off the air for a ridic reason.

Broadway Success Story: About three years ago a girl from Montreal was under the impression that singing in a night club demanded songs, and nothing else . . . Because she wouldn't "sit out front" with the lads who always have hand-trouble, she got her notice . . . The struggle that followed was the usual one . . . It gets around fast, you know, when you get a rep for not being "a regular," as it is called . . . She decided to try for dramatic assignments in the Broadway shows, which are as scarce as managers who keep their promises . . . She was on the verge of giving up the fight recently and comforting herself with the thought that Broadway didn't get the best of her, when she got her chance to click . . . Her name is Dorothy Vernon, who just replaced Doris Dalton as the leading lady in "Petticoat Fever" . . . In the play, every man makes a "pass" at her!

Passersby: Prince Mike Romanoff, listed in the books as one man who usually got the best of the other fellow, was "taken" for $20 by a blonde, who promised to bring back change . . . While the Ritz Brothers were doing their act the other afternoon at a Broadway cinema temple, a little old gent in the back pews was detracting from them and getting the lustiest laughs. He suddenly stood up and addressing his seat neighbors dialected: "Ladiss and jantiliman—you now har lookin' hon de fodder of de Reetz Brudders!" . . . Zeppo Ritz, no doubt . . . Jack Cluett and Ted Pearson, separated by the Coasts, thought of the same line: "I know a Wall Streeter who is making some money. An Aladdin From Manhattan" . . . Jerry Freedman observes that when a phoney brags that he was your pal before you clicked, it only shows the obstacles you had to overcome . . . Lee Whitney submits: "Eat, drink and be merry on Broadway—for tomorrow they'll pan you anyway!" . . . Overheard about a charmer whose likeness is seen a lot: "Boy, is she dumb! I'd rather go out with one of her billboards!" . . . Observation: The tree-lover on W. 53rd St. near Vth, who devotes a valuable piece of land to protect two trees—they are surrounded by iron gates in an enclosure that would bring a fortune.

Little Things About Biggies: Adele Astaire (Lady Cavendish): She buys her hats in the children's department and doesn't care for handsome men . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who was born with a silver spoon in his kisser, prefers dining at cheap cafeterias, and is fiercely patriotic . . . Sinclair Lewis: He finds it difficult to work in New York. He is highly conscious of his worth and is easily irritated by those who do not appreciate him . . . "Michael Strange," once the bride of a Barrymore: She often strolls alone on East End avenue in the filmiest evening frock. She shudders when her nails are filed. One writer said of her: "Her unkempt manner is one of her charms" . . . Henry L. Mencken: Herbert B. Swope says of him that he blusters to conceal a tender heart . . . Ward Morehouse: He ruined what was supposed to have been a stag affair by bringing two chorus girls with him! . . . Mae West: According to her insurance policy she was born in 1900, but some people claim to have met her before then.

Bigtown Smalltalk: Alla Nazimova embraced Evelyn Abbott after a recent broadcast, complimenting her on her movie magic . . . She thought it was Loretta Young. This is by way of letting Alla know she was mistaken, and Miss Young of Alla's admiration . . . A man, now governing Connie's Inn, was once among the nation's renowned songsmiths. He is Henry Fink, who wrote: "The Curse of an Aching Heart" . . . Talk about phonies—a movie company, readying the release of a picture dealing with a big spender, hurled an affair for the exhibitors. Their wives were presented with costly favors—diamond bracelets! . . . The next day all the employes had their salaries slashed . . . Too bad about Mrs. Sidney Skolsky, the victim of serious injuries in a Hollywood crash . . . J. Cannon has just done another corker on Gordon & Revel for the nickel mags. His essay on Billy Rose is aptly christened: "Broadway Rose" . . . Add swell wordage: Edith Wharton's: "A kiss with a future in it."

This feature also appears in the Boston Daily Record.

TWO ELECTROCUTED

Monroe, Mich., June 22 (INS)—Two men who volunteered to erect a metal flagpole on the grounds of the St. Elizabeth Old Folk Farm, near here, were electrocuted today when the pole contacted an electric power wire. The victims were Paul Erdos, 56, and Michael Kovach, both of Detroit.

SIX FALSE ALARMS

A false alarm maniac pulled six boxes in succession yesterday sending Wellesley and Newton fire apparatus roaring through the streets of the exclusive Wellesley Hills section. Every box along the Worcester turnpike from Newton to the Weston town line was sounded by the alarm ringer.

FOG DELAYS SAILING; 500 STAY IN HOTEL

Liner Laconia Hours Late Arriving Here; Transylvania Sails After Midnight

Dense fog, both off Ambrose Channel Light Vessel in New York and Cape Cod, delayed the Cunarder Laconia and Anchor liner Transylvania many hours in reaching port. Both were scheduled to reach Cunard Docks, East Boston, early last evening and sail within a few hours for Irish, Scottish and English ports.

Several hundred passengers, waiting here to embark, were to be fed and quartered in local hotels, until the expected arrival early this morning of both vessels.

Over the week-end, there will be nine transatlantic, 'round-the-world-West Indies and Maritime Province passenger liners arriving and departing.

Laconia will take 500 passengers from this port and New York and the Transylvania 400 from both places.

Canadian National Steamship liners Lady Drake, from British West Indies and Bermuda, and Lady Hawkins, from St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., for Bermuda and the British West Indies, call at Commonwealth Pier, South Boston, today, the former at 8 a. m., and the latter at 2 p. m.

'Round-the-world Dollar liner President Harrison, from New York, docks at pier 44, Hoosac Tunnel Docks, Charlestown, at 11 a. m. United Fruit liner San Blas, from Puerto Castilla, Honduras, docks at Long Wharf at 1 p. m.

Cunarder Franconia, from Liverpool, Belfast and Galway, docks at pier 3, Cunard Docks, East Boston, at 7:30 a. m., tomorrow. American Export liner Excalibur, from Mediterranean ports, docks at pier 9, Army Base, South Boston, at 8 a. m., tomorrow.

Furness liner Newfoundland, from Liverpool, St. John's, N. F., and Halifax, N. S., arrives below Tuesday night, docking Wednesday morning at 8 a. m., at pier 46, Mystic Docks, Charlestown.

June Skinner, 5, of Cranston, R. I., is travelling alone in the Cunarder Franconia, arriving tomorrow morning. Donald Angier, of Waban, is importing in the same vessel the latest English invention, a taxi-auto.

Fraternity Opens 88th Convention

More than 500 members of the Theta Delta Chi national fraternity attended the opening sessions yesterday of the 88th annual convention of that organization at the Copley-Plaza Hotel. The convention will continue until Tuesday night.

At the opening session yesterday morning greetings from Governor Curley were expressed by Francis J. DeCelles, insurance commissioner. Clinton W. Tyles of West Newton, chairman of the committee on arrangements, was in charge. Members attended a luncheon served in the Swiss Room at noon and a dinner dance during the evening.

Danno to Be Guest at Amateur Night

Dan O'Mahoney will be the guest of honor at the Scott Furrier amateur night at Paramount open-air ballroom, Memorial drive, Cambridge, tonight. O'Mahoney will give some ideas regarding the match next Thursday night with Jim Londos for the Crosscup-Pishon Post at Fenway Park. There will be a fashion show.

The charities that will benefit are the Massachusetts Department of the Daughters of the Union Veterans of the Civil War and the Universalist Club Women of the National Missionary Association, designating the Clara Barton Camp. Tickets may be procured at Scott's Winter street store.

Beacon Hill Girl No. Shore Bride

Rue Elizabeth French, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hollis French of Mount Vernon street and Annisquam, became the bride of Alden Frick Megrew, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Megrew of Milton, yesterday at noon ceremony in St. John's Episcopal Church at Beverly Farms.

The bride, a former executive secretary of the Junior League, and member of the Vincent Club, wore her mother's wedding dress of ivory satin, and bridal veil of Duchesse lace. She carried lilies of the valley.

Diplomat at Rites After Plane Dash

Speeding by plane from his post in Peru, Julian D. Smith, of the American Embassy at Lima, arrived here yesterday afternoon in time to attend committal services for his father, Dexter M. Smith, of Ipswich, who died a week ago.

He covered the 3500 miles from Peru in 96 hours. By boat, it is a 15-day voyage. The committal services were at Highland Cemetery. Funeral rites were held last Tuesday.

Grenfell Ship Crashes Dock

Portland, June 22—Returning to its berth today after a faulty compass took it off its course, the George B. Cluett, Grenfell schooner, smashed into the dock causing minor damages.

The mishap will delay for two or three days its departure to the Grenfell hospital and mission stations along the Labrador coast.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.

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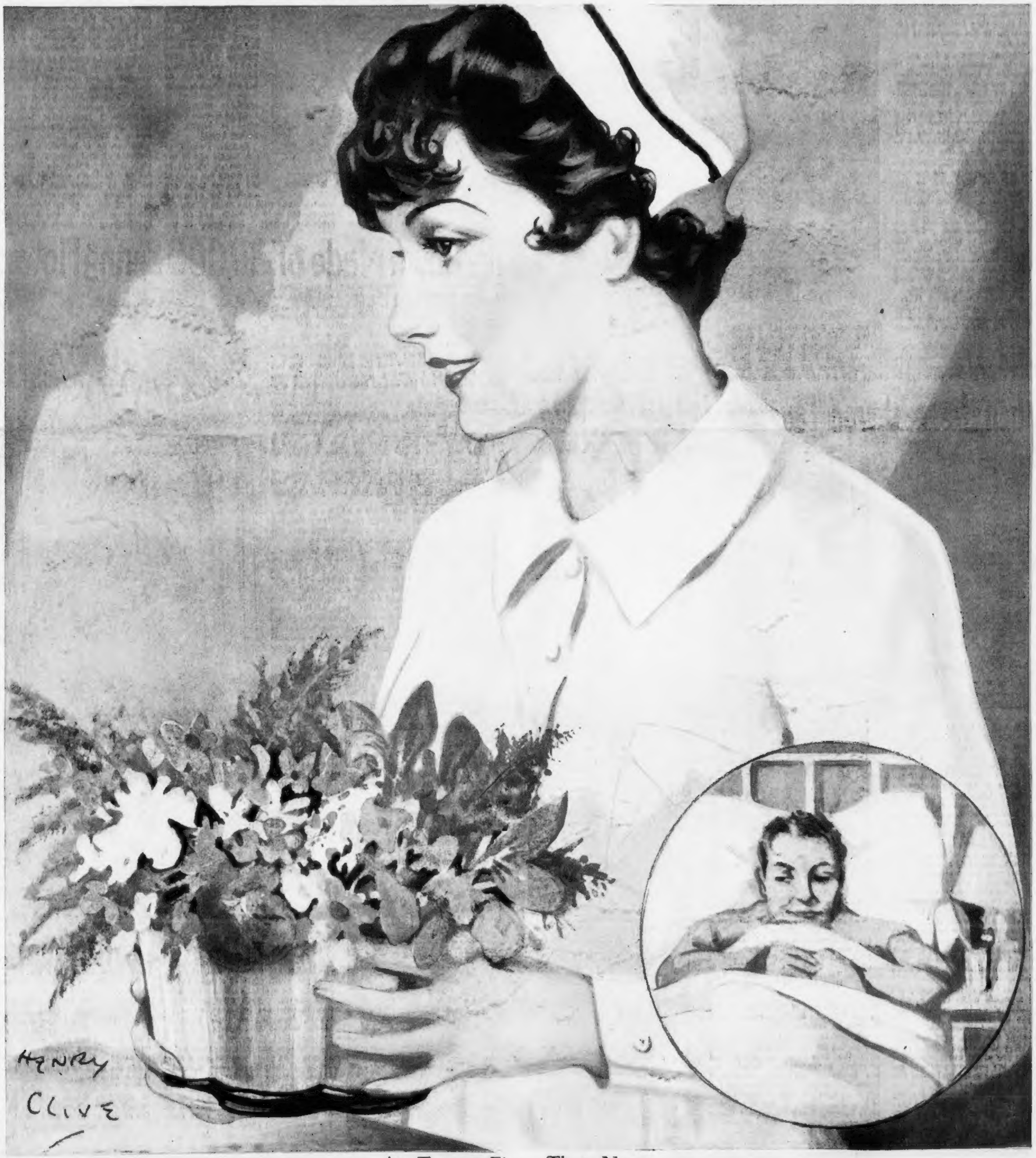
Sunday, June 23, 1935

Girls Men Don't Forget—

A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive



At Twenty-Five—That Nurse

Roadside Cemetery for Cats and Dogs Killed On the Highway

THE citizens of Tonbridge, England, are well aware that the little graveyard which has sprung up in the community beside the London-Hastings Road does not rate very high among the pet cemeteries scattered all over the world. But they do point with pride to the fact that the dozen cats and dogs buried there all came to their untimely end in the same manner and in the same locality—which gives the patch of greensward and its simple headstones a certain distinction which does not attach to more ambitious cemeteries for canines, felines and assorted ex-members of the animal kingdom.

Every one of the Tabbies and Towsers sleeping beneath the sod and the dew there had their lives cut short while they were crossing the London-Hastings Road, one of the busiest highways in the British Isles. They lost out in the never-ending struggle for the survival of the fittest because they lacked the speed and judgment to dodge buses, automobiles and motorcycles. In short they just couldn't adjust themselves to the dangers of the mechanical age.

The Tonbridge Cemetery has something else to commend it, too. It does not exude a spirit of unadulterated sadness and gloom. Almost every one of the headstones is painted with an epitaph bespeaking a healthy, philosophical attitude toward the passing of pets, however beloved. The stones seem to say, "It's too bad that these dear departed creatures came to violent ends, but life is like that."

One such grave marker, shown on this page, was erected to the memory of a cat that, in life, went by the name of Old Benzol. This feline, obviously a friendly fellow, ambled across the highway with the idea of joining a party of merrymakers in an open bus or char-a-banc. As his gravestone relates, he missed his step and was catapulted into Kingdom Come, probably with such suddenness that the transformation from the ranks of the quick to the limbo of the dead was made in merciful painlessness.

Sleeping beside Old Benzol is another cat, Aunt Matilda. If her rather cheery epitaph tells the truth she is now a "good old spirit" and a "distant cousin of Ethyl."

The name of Benzol and the mention of Ethyl hint suspiciously that many of the cats and dogs interred in the roadside burial ground were nameless during their lives, or impossible to identify after the mishaps that put a period to their earthly existence, and that the writers of the epitaphs were inspired to assign names suggested on the spur of the moment.

Then, too, the solemn tone of the cemetery is somewhat reduced by a good-sized sign attached to posts stuck in the ground among the graves. This sign, advertising a roadside eating place known as The Boiling Kettle, hints at hot tea and other culinary pleasures and doesn't exactly prepare the mind to contemplate glumly the luckless fate of cats and dogs aided and abetted by motorists in escaping from this troubled planet.

In Hyde Park, London, there is a dog cemetery visited by thousands of people every year. The spirit of this burial ground is quite different from the much smaller one in Tonbridge and many of its 350 graves are kept in excellent order by the owners of the pets. In Spring and Summer this cemetery is bright with flowers, and from time to time the headstones are cleaned. Two decades ago all the available ground in this cemetery was taken up and no burials have been made there since.

What is perhaps the most famous pet cemetery in the world occupies a valuable plot of ground in Hartsdale, New York. More than 10,000 dogs have been laid to rest in this graveyard and it is estimated that there is space for at least 10,000 more. It is in this burial ground that a granite monument costing $13,000 was erected to the memory of two dogs, Sally and Toodles, the pets of a family named Walsh. This is one of the most expensive memorials, if not the most costly, ever erected to mark the grave of "man's best friend."

Elsewhere in this country there are plots of ground where dogs, cats, monkeys and other animal pets are buried, sometimes with considerable pomp and ceremony. There are cases on record showing that the last rites for some beloved pups have cost the grieving owners as much as $15,000, which is much more money than is spent in giving the average human being what is known as decent burial.

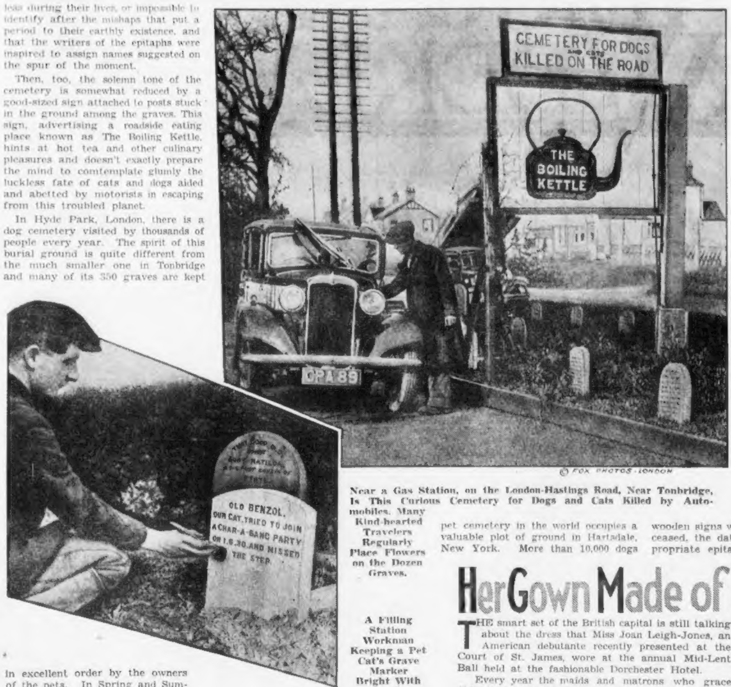
Radnor, Pennsylvania, boasts one of the largest cemeteries in the world but most of the graves there are marked by simple wooden signs with the name of the deceased, the date of death, and an appropriate epitaph. Not many of the graves appear to have marked stones.

Ontarioville, Illinois, is proud of its graveyard for pets and not long ago a monkey named Monty was laid to rest there among the dogs, cats and canaries. Monty's owner, a Mr. Zeller, who lived in Chicago, thought so much of his simian and felt so bad at the monkey's demise that he had the remains put in a white plush casket and staged a wake that lasted three days. A lot of people who knew Monty when he was alive attended the obsequies and sent floral tributes which were piled about the coffin and later placed on the grave.

Mr. Zeller was sure that Monty died the victim of a broken heart because the monkey lost all interest in life when his mistress was hurt in an automobile accident and taken to the hospital. The animal seemed to sense that something tragic had happened to Mrs. Zeller and refused to eat or to respond to kind treatment. A week later, when the woman was brought home from the hospital, the monkey was dead and, as reported, was borne to his last resting place in a real funeral with all the fixings.

The French people, as frugal as they are with their francs, go in for animal cemeteries and regular funerals for pets. South Americans do likewise. Buenos Aires has a pet burial place with several elaborate tombs and mausoleums ornamented with sculptured likenesses of the deceased Towsers and Tabbies.

So far as is known, there are no roadside burial places for animal victims of autos in the United States. If there were, it would only be fair to reserve last resting places for chickens, geese and cows, hundreds of which go to their doom annually martyrs to the haste of the speed-loving American driver.



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Near a Gas Station, on the London-Hastings Road, Near Tonbridge, Is This Curious Cemetery for Dogs and Cats Killed by Automobiles. Many Kind-hearted Travelers Regularly Place Flowers on the Dozen Graves.

A Filling Station Workman Keeping a Pet Cat's Grave Marker Bright With Paint.

Her Gown Made of 30,000 Spring Flowers

THE smart set of the British capital is still talking about the dress that Miss Joan Leigh-Jones, an American debutante recently presented at the Court of St. James, wore at the annual Mid-Lent Ball held at the fashionable Dorchester Hotel.

Every year the maids and matrons who grace this function with their presence appear in outfits that stir up favorable comment and get their pictures in the newspapers and the magazines, but not since the affair became a fixture on the London social calendar has the like of Miss Leigh-Jones' costume been seen.

It was fashioned entirely of Spring flowers painstakingly sewn, of course, to a cloth foundation. No one, except the debutante and her folks know just how much the ensemble cost, but it must have been a pretty penny for there were no less than 30,000 separate blossoms in the creation which was topped by a fragrant and colorful hat.

Violets, primroses and lilies comprised most of the spectacular dress and hat, but there were half a dozen other kinds of flowers, too, all of them native to the British Isles.

Not only was the ball dress a delight to the eye because of its clever harmony of natural color, but it appealed to the nostrils as well, and wherever she went she spread an unforgettable fragrance.

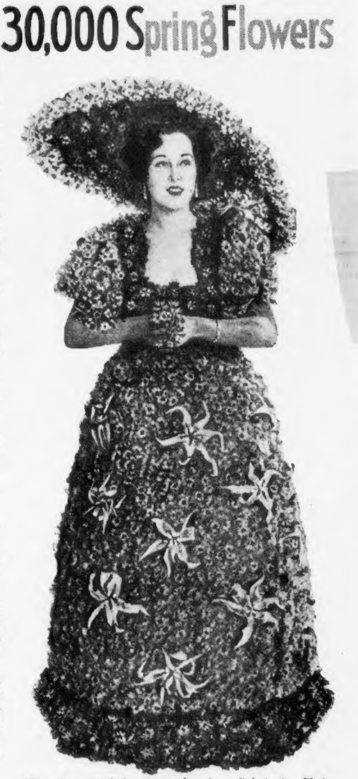
One monocled nobleman was moved to remark, "I've been following Miss Leigh-Jones about all evening and I'm awfully afraid she'll think I'm pursuing her. But, really, I have no designs on her: I've never smelled anything like her charming costume."

Anyway, to use a good American expression, the visitor from across the Atlantic stopped the show and spent a good part of her evening posing for photographers and talking to reporters who wanted to know all about the striking dress which the fashion-wise among them recognized as an accurate reproduction of a ball gown of the Georgian period.

Between dances Miss Leigh-Jones graciously supplied the desired information. She explained that she is very fond of flowers, that a dress such as she was wearing seemed especially appropriate for the beginning of the Spring season and that the florists who carried out her instructions confessed that they never had imagined that it would be such a job.

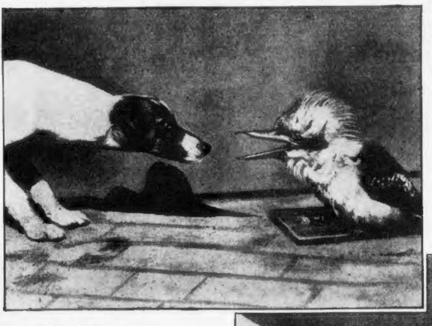
They had, they said, turned out some ambitious floral creations including huge set pieces to adorn the graves of the nobility and the nuptial altars of the very rich, but they had no idea that there could be so much work in transforming 30,000 blossoms into a gown to be worn once and then discarded.

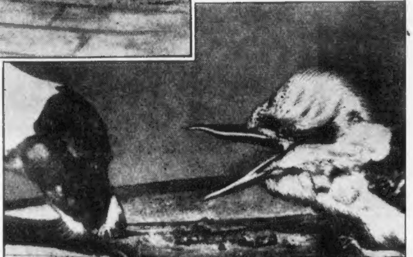
The manners of the males of the Mayfair set are, of course, impeccable, but some of the dashing young men, faultlessly gotten up in their tail coats and boiled shirts, just couldn't resist plucking souvenirs from the American girl's extraordinary outfit, and before the evening was over and the orchestra had packed away its instruments there were several blossomless patches on the full and fragrant skirt.



Miss Joan Leigh-Jones, an American Debutante, Photographed at a Festival in London. She Is Wearing a Gown Made of 30,000 Lilies, Violets and Primroses.

When the Feathered "Laughing Jackass" Gets Mad





AUSTRALIA is a land of strange animals and birds, a sort of natural zoo where Mother Nature has gathered together a curious array of creatures not to be found anywhere else on earth. Among these living oddities is the kookaburra, a small-bodied, big-headed bird more commonly known as the "laughing jackass" because of a shrill, idiotic scream it emits.

The kookaburra is a scrappy member of the feathered kingdom, as the photographs show, and when it is hungry it doesn't want to be annoyed, even by a playful and well-meaning puppy. The accompanying pictures, recently taken in Australia, show what happened when a pup arrived at the zoo at the wrong time and attempted to sample part of the bird's dinner. For a moment the dog was able to ignore the piercing cry of the "laughing jackass" but, as the keeper remarked, he couldn't take it, and finally took to his heels and sought food in less noisy and more comfortable surroundings.

Some years ago the Australians thought it would make their country a pleasanter place to live in if they wiped out the screaming kookaburra and its annoying imbecile chatter, and thousands of the birds were killed by hunters, free lances and official gunners in the pay of the government. But long before the seeming pest was exterminated it was noted that there was a considerable increase in the number of snakes. In fact, in those sections where the "laughing jackass" had been all but exterminated there were veritable plagues of snakes. The unpopular bird, ornithologists reported, is an expert snake catcher. So the shooting ceased and the kookaburra continues to assail the ears of people who would rather listen to foolish cackle than be overrun by reptiles.

The kookaburra may not have a fellow feeling for dogs, but it does hob-nob with the long-tailed kangaroo, and wherever kangaroos are found there are flocks of the noisy, long-billed birds. Just why this is so scientists are not quite sure but they do know that it is a common sight to see one of the birds hopping along the ground beside a kangaroo and, at times, sitting in the friendliest fashion on the animal's furry back and even on top of its head.

It is probable that the kookaburra scouts up some sort of food for the kangaroo, or that the kangaroo stirs up some insect that the "laughing jackass" fancies as part of his diet. Perhaps, too, the kangaroo makes use of the snake-eating bird in keeping away from the guns of hunters against whom the long-legged leapers are warned by the laughing of its feathered friend.

Left—The Kookaburra Gives a Word of Warning as the Pup Approaches, and Shows Interest in Both the Bird and Its Meal. But the Terrier Does Not Heed the Advice to Stay Away.

Below—The Dog Is Hungry, and He's Mischievous, Too, and Would Like Some of the Lunch, and the Bird Is Becoming More and More Annoyed Each Moment.

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Right—Something Had to Be Done, and the Kookaburra Did It. He Got Mad, and Here You See a Snapshot of a Bird Chasing a Dog, Which, in the Best Journalistic Circles, Is Considered to Be News.

Does Your Liver Give Your Drink a Kick?

THERE are drinkers who seem to get much more of a kick out of their cocktails and highballs than others. Such disciples of the flowing bowl are fortunate, or unfortunate, depending on their point of view. Science now knows that it is probable that their livers are out of order or they wouldn't feel their liquor so much and could toss off many more drinks—if their livers were normal—without getting "plastered."

Two experimenters connected with the Mayo Clinic, J. L. Bollman and F. C. Mann, revealed this interesting bit of information while they were seeking information about the liver and its behavior. They did not make their studies on human beings but on dogs which were fed a diet which made their livers abnormally fat.

Fat in the liver, canine or human, robs that organ of the ability to throw off alcohol and toxins circulating in the blood stream. Some of the dogs with over-fat livers were given drinks of alcohol. These potions were so small that, if the dogs' livers had been normal, nothing much would have happened. But as it was the drinks made the dogs so drunk that they fell into a deep coma.

The liver normally stores quantities of glycogen, which might be called "sugar fuel." Glycogen gives the liver the ability to throw off alcohol. When the liver is excessively fat, it is short of glycogen and low in resistance to the effects of alcohol. That is why a faulty liver helps you get drunk.

When Bonnie Hill Gets Out of Prison—Then What?

The Career of a Wayward Girl Who Was in Reform School at 13, Set Free at 15, Preferred Living With Gangsters, Drug Addicts and Other Worthless Characters and Now, at 23, Has Killed the Only Man Who Ever Loved Her

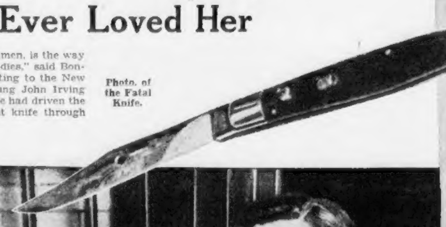
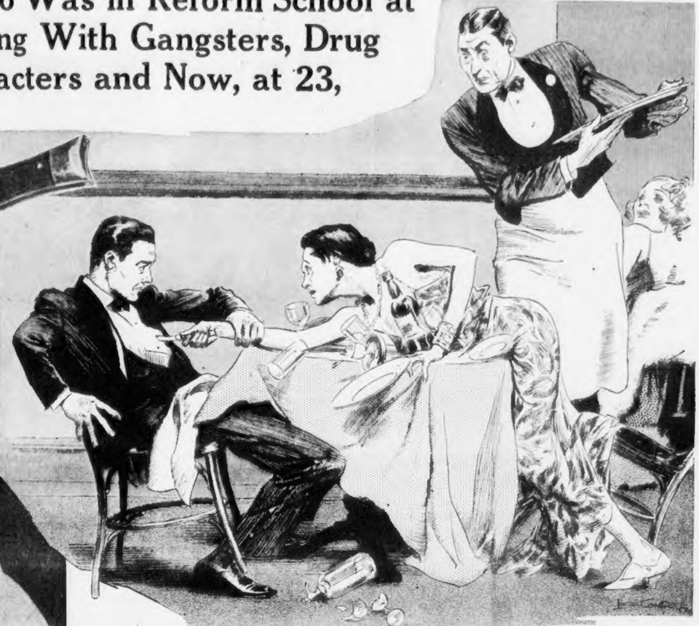


Photo. of the Fatal Knife.



But the More They Drank, the More Bitterly They Quarreled, and as the Waiter Set Down Another Round of Cocktails Young Pierce Took His Knife From His Pocket, Touched the Spring, and the Blade Opened. Seizing the Knife, Bonnie Hill Reached Across the Table and Plunged It Into the Breast of the Man She Says She Loved. It Was a Fatal Stroke, and in a Few Moments His Shirt Front and Tuxedo Jacket Began to Show a Trickle of Red Blood, and Pierce Sank to the Floor, Dead.

INT'L.

Bonnie Hill, Convicted of Killing Young Pierce, as She Sits in Her Cell Thinking Over Her Worthless Life.

"AND that gentlemen, is the way a gentleman dies," said Bonnie Hill, relating to the New Orleans police how young John Irving Pierce behaved after she had driven the small blade of a pocket knife through his white dress shirt front and into his heart.

Pierce, who was 23 years old, the same age as the stabber, took the knife away from the girl, put it in his pocket, told her to pay their check and quietly started to walk out of the night club where it had happened. Like a perfect gentleman, he wished to avoid making a scene, but after walking about ten steps toward the door, he dropped dead.

Therefore, there was a scene after all. Bonnie was arrested and the other day convicted of manslaughter, thus ending her career for at least six years. She said that Pierce, magazine writer and son of a wealthy Mississippi family, was the only one that ever truly loved and tried to help her—and now she had killed him.

The question arises of why, if all men and women are created equal, that some persons like Bonnie Hill and Bonnie Parker, the gangster moll, manage not only to wreck their own lives but seem to blight everyone with whom they associate. The usual guess is that she must have been an underprivileged child who had bad home influences, due to irreligious, neglectful, pleasure-loving, modern parents. But Bonnie Hill says hers was exactly the opposite case.

Her parents in Ozark, Arkansas, were such devout Baptists that at her birth they vowed to do everything in their power to make her as good and worthy a woman as ever lived. There seems little doubt that they did their best according to their lights and with this disappointing result.

To start the girl right they named her Holy Hill, yet from the very start she seemed determined instead of taking an upward course to slide downhill, a wayward, defiant child. When she was only 11 her father died. Her older brother and an aunt stepped into the breach, trying to help the widow control the wilful girl, but at 13 she had gotten entirely out of hand and began running away from home.

In despair, the mother had Holy Hill committed to a reform school for two years as an incorrigible child. There, she says, older women completed her education in wrongdoing. No doubt they they did, but incorrigibles always seem to get that sort of education anywhere, without having to go to a reform school. When her time was up the mother took the girl back into their quiet home, told her the past would be forgiven and forgotten, but, to Holy's dismay, insisted that for her part she must walk the narrow path just as had always been expected of her. She says that her older brother, by this time a preacher, remarked:

"Well, Jailbird, how does it feel to be out again?"

Holy's answer was to run away once more and for good, or rather for bad. She changed her name from Holy to Bonnie and proceeded to go from bad to worse, becoming the sweetheart of various men, including an addict, who taught her to take drugs; a gangster, who dressed her "like a million dollars," until one day a rival gangster filled him full of lead, and finally of young Pierce, who nursed her for six months while she was going through the agony of stopping the drugs and whom she repaid with that knife-thrust.

Bonnie says all is due to too much "hard-shelled" religious repression in childhood. That might be a better excuse if it were not for the other members of the family. Her father, a prosperous planter, had been a useful and law-abiding member of the community, and though stern, his death was generally mourned as a loss. Useful and law-abiding also is her mother, Mrs. Louise Hill, a puzzled and broken-hearted woman of sixty-four, who sat with her disgraced daughter at the trial, pitifully promising that if the killer was freed she would take her back to the quiet little Arkansas home and try again to correct the incorrigible.

Then there is the brother who, Bonnie says, asked that untactful question. He was not present at the trial and his church was not mentioned, but it is known that he continues in the responsible and not very lucrative profession of Baptist minister, satisfying a congregation that he is a worthy leader and certainly not killing anyone or breaking other laws of the land.

A younger brother, Raymond Hill, attended the trial. He is a theological student at Wheaton College, and showed his lack of sympathy with the sister who had disgraced the family by never speaking to her. There were some who thought he should have embraced her tenderly, with tears and all that, every day in front of the jury. But that would have been hypocrisy, and is a youth, training to preach the gospel, expected to be a public hypocrite?

If the religious atmosphere of Bonnie's childhood was so repressive as to excuse her wrongdoing, why did not that same repression turn the boys also into worthless, irresponsible persons? It may have made them prim and unforgiving, but at least they are responsible reliable people, who obey the Ten Commandments and the laws of man. If everyone did that much there would be little to complain about, and, after all, it is only those who have done wrong who wail about not being forgiven.

Bonnie Hill, From Photograph Taken on the Witness Stand at the Recent Trial.

Nevertheless, it would be entirely possible by intolerable persecutions to drive a child so frantic as to throw common sense aside and run away to certain ruin. Bonnie blames that minister brother chiefly, and therefore it is worth considering just how he applied the pressure. He has not given his side of the case, but Bonnie has told some of the things she considers most unbearable. She says:

"My brother never ceased saying that we must all live by the Good Book. That book says, 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.' Since he was without sin, that seemed to give my brother the privilege of throwing moral stones at me, until my disposition was black and blue."

Coming down to specific instances, she explains:

"I was mature for my age and began to feel 'puppy love.' That meant riding around in cars, petting and drinking beer, mostly homebrew, but that was all. One night my aunt caught the smell of beer on my breath and after that I had to meet the boyfriends on the sly. My holier-than-thou brother snooped around, following me to beer places. Finally one of the boys with me was arrested for driving while intoxicated and that gave my brother the goods on me. This was evidence that I was associating with dangerous characters and sufficient to send me to the reform school for two years."

The brother might have used the wrong methods—at least they were not successful. People who live strictly righteous lives are inclined to be strict and intolerant with those who do not. It would be strange indeed if they were not. Virtuous women have always been criticized for their harshness toward their fallen sisters. Yet is it mysterious if they resent the unfairness of permitting women who have offended to enjoy the same social standing in the community as the decent ones? In the same way a truthful person hates a liar and a strictly honest man has no sympathy for a crook.

Anyhow, it would have been a poor sort of brother who would complacently let a 13-year-old sister visit "beer places." A young man with that sort of sister is in a "bad spot." Had he calmly looked the other way she would probably have gone wrong just the same and now be complaining from behind the bars that he should have stopped her.

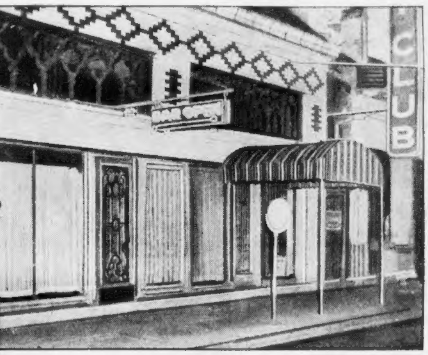
Bonnie says that when she made her final runaway a member of her brother's flock introduced her to a generous man who gave her a nice job. But she soon found that to hold the job she had to live with her employer.

"It was either that or go home again and I was sick of going home—so I stayed," Bonnie explained.

Hardly had she gotten used to this irregular arrangement than she made another discovery. The benevolent employer was a gangster. But one false step leads to another and after so many, this did not worry her much. Also, she who knew nothing good, was having more money to spend than her learned brother.

But one day an automatic pistol barked in front of a Detroit hotel and they carried her gangster friend to the cemetery in a gorgeous funeral, but Bonnie had to look for another meal ticket.

Then followed a rapid succession of men as irresponsible as herself, many of whom she has forgotten and others she would like to forget but can't. The man who did her the most harm was a medical student, a morphine addict who peddled drugs. This particular alliance lasted just about long enough to make her a drug fiend.



The Nut Club in New Orleans, Where the Tragedy Took Place.

Six months before the tragedy Bonnie was sitting in a New Orleans night club, listening to the maudlin sorrows of a man who had lost his best friend. When at last the mourner wandered off to weep on some other shoulder, a young stranger, faultlessly dressed, asked if he might talk to her. It was Pierce, and of course he could—anybody could talk to Bonnie. Apparently it was love at first sight for both.

"What a shame for a nice girl to have to listen to a blathering tramp like that," he began, and Bonnie was forced to admit that she was not so immaculately nice as he imagined. She states that after confessing a general outline of her life, he promised to forgive and forget, after which they moved into a cute little flat. Then came the first stumbling-block in their romance. She could not hide her drug habit.

For love of him she quit, suffering the inevitable tortures, and he nursed her, suffering almost equally with a mad woman on his hands, until finally she was sufficiently cured to visit the night spots of the city. Then came the second trouble. Alcohol seemed to break some sort of inhibition, sending up from his subconscious mind unpleasant thoughts which he had promised to forget about her past.

"I don't see how a girl so young could get so thoroughly soiled," he would say. "I must be about as much novelty as another cigarette."

Bonnie, like most girls of that kind, had a poisonous tongue and she answered with things which often won her a beating. In the morning Pierce would be his old considerate self. One morning he said:

"It isn't fair for a man to beat up a woman because he is stronger. Here is something to make up the difference. Next time I beat you, use it."

So saying, he handed her a knife. That evening, after having drinks in several other places, they reached "The Nut Club," in the French quarter. Here, with more drinks, the same unsavory thoughts arose in his mind and came out in the same comments, provoking the same tart answers, but all in such a low tone that nobody knew they were quarreling, even when Pierce handed her the knife, because spectators missed the following dialogue:

"We are going to fight. Where is that knife?" she says Pierce told her.

"I don't know."

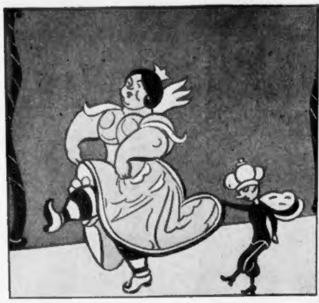
"Very well, I have another. Here it is to make up your difference. Defend yourself."

A moment later, she says, he made a remark so mean that she made a pass at Pierce just to bring him to his senses. The small blade had the bad luck to go through the white shirt front and reach his heart. She thought she had just pricked him, but no more.

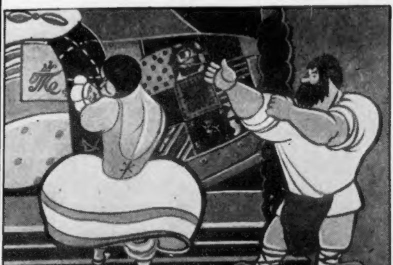
"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it," she said. His reply was to relieve her of the little weapon, hand her his wallet, tell her to pay the check, take a few steps and "die like a gentleman."

Will this experience and a stretch in prison teach her to think of consequences or is an incorrigible always an incorrigible?

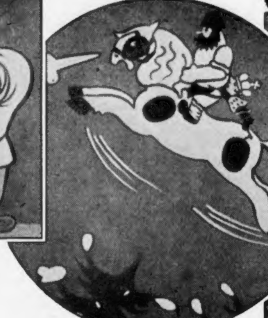
Amusing Satires On Royalty In the New Russian Movies



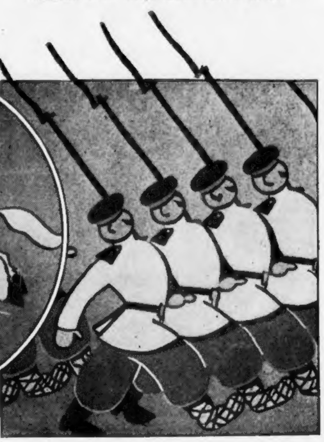
This "Still" Photograph of a Scene in the Russian Animated Cartoon Film Shows the Princess Tetekha and the Anemic Little Czar in a Love Scene.



The Princess Requires the Czar's Promise to Do Heroic Things Before She Will Accept Him, but the Czar Actually Gets a Common Blacksmith to Serve as a Proxy.



Following the Technique of the Fairy Tale, the Producers Work in a Magic Horse, Which Makes It Easy for the Hero to Cover Great Distances With the Greatest of Ease.



The Blacksmith Finally Overthrows the Kingdom and Takes Command of the Troops, Shown Here in Review.

THE most popular movie cartoon showing in the theatres of Soviet Russia at the moment is a rewrite of an old legend about the Princess with herself and her kingdom to offer to the lucky man who could perform three dangerous and almost impossible tasks. It seems to be a hard-and-fast rule that every Russian movie shall be propaganda for Communism, so the producers of this film twisted the old theme around to drive home the idea that Capitalism exudes a bad smell, that royalty is weak and corrupt and that the worker can get what he wants—in the flickering films and in real life.

Three characters—the Princess Tetekha, Czar Durundai, and a husky blacksmith—enact the picture play. The Princess, a beefy and homely wench, represents Capitalism. Czar Durundai (his name means "nonsense") stands for the old Muscovite order in Russia and monarchies in general. The smithy, of course, is a symbol for the workers of the Soviet and the hero of the piece.

Here's how the propaganda play unreels on the screen: The Princess wants a man to share her kingdom and her capitalistic way of life. The foolish czar is interested in her proposition, but he's a puny and clownish little chit. Even with his crown on his head he hardly comes up to the Princess' matronly midriff.

Weak and wishy-washy, he knows that it is useless for him to attempt the three heroic tasks that the Princess demands of him who is to win her hand and a share of her kingdom. So he makes a deal with the black-bearded and big-muscled blacksmith to do the job for him.

Together they mount one of those mythical steeds that can take off like an airplane and cover great distances with incredible speed, the smithy in the saddle and the timid little czar clinging nervously to the husky proletarian.

It is no trouble at all for the blacksmith to do the seemingly impossible stunts demanded by the Princess and the weakling czar thinks that he is going to cash in on the courage and strength of the husky shoer of horses. But the worker gives the royal one what Americans would call the "double cross," but what the movie-going millions of Russia look upon as amusing and gratifying poetic justice. He "liquidates" the czar, as the Nazis say when they are blood-purging, rides back to the capitalistic Princess and, just to be different, loudly declines to marry her. Instead, he tells her what he and all workers think of her and her kind, that he wouldn't mate with her if she were the last woman on earth—and takes her kingdom away from her. To Communists individually and in the mass this is one of the sweetest stories ever told.

BLOOM-PHOTO

Miss Sally Rand in Her Fan Dance Costume, Coated With the Preparation Which Her "Male Maid" Carefully Applies.

Ralph Hobart, the Male Dressing-Room Attendant and Helper of Sally Rand. He Admits That He Likes the Job of Working as a Maid. Experience Has Made Him Expert at Powdering the Dancer's Shapely Legs—a Job That Several Thousand Men Who Have Seen Sally Dance Wouldn't Mind Having.

How Would You Like To Have His Job?

SALLY RAND—she of the facile fans who now says it with bubbles—sees nothing unusual in the fact that her "maid" is a good-looking, curly-haired young man, and the "maid," whose name is Ralph Hobart, wouldn't think of giving up his job just because silly tradition says that shapely bubble dancers and such should be served, in their dressing rooms, by members of their own sex.

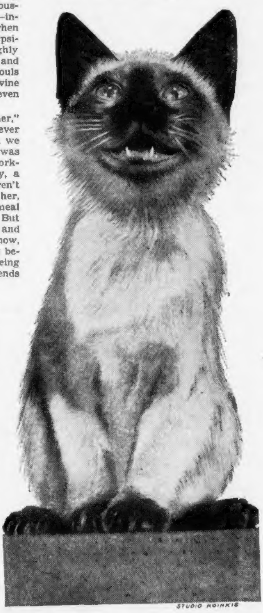
It seems that there is considerable of a trick to putting on Sally's make-up before she is ready to step out into the spotlight and cavort about the floor with only a couple of air-filled balloons as a costume. As thousands of night club patrons know, these feather-light spheres are to Sally what Lady Godiva's golden tresses were to her when she rode a white charger through the streets of Coventry, England. Under such conditions make-up is, according to Sally and her "maid," of the greatest importance. The dancer's form which, in the eyes of many admirers, is just dandy and not at all hard to look at, must be entrancingly visible but not outlined too sharply. For dancing with a couple of bubbles, you see, is essentially an esthetic maneuver and calls for soft lights, not to mention sweet music. Soft lights look softer thrown on scientifically correct make-up which, in Sally's case, is a sort of plaster.

"It takes a man with strength to apply this," says the celebrated fan-and-bubble girl, "and besides Ralph takes care of all the properties for my act. Why, he's not a maid—he's indispensable!"

Mr. Hobart, a quiet young man hailing from Kansas City, takes his job seriously. He sees to it that everything—including the bubbles—is ship-shape when Sally sallies forth to present the Terpsichorean divertissement said to be highly revivifying to tired business men and downright shocking to sensitive souls convinced that the so-called form divine should not be publicly exposed, not even in the name of art.

"Sally and I went to school together," he says, "and we've been friends ever since. There have been times when we didn't have enough to eat, but if I was working I helped and if Sally was working she helped. I remember a day, a year or two ago, when things weren't going so well for Sally. I called on her, we pooled our assets and made a meal out of 11 cents worth of vegetables. But those days are gone forever, I hope, and I'm glad to be of service to Sally now, as in less prosperous times. Besides being an artist, she's a real human being who doesn't forget her rainy-day friends when the sun comes out."

It is only natural perhaps that Mr. Hobart should rush to Sally's defense when there is talk that her dancihg act oversteps the bounds of modesty, not to mention art. To his way of thinking, Miss Rand is a sincere artist and a dancer of unusual ability and grace. The fans and the bubbles, he thinks, merely lend excitement and drama to an esthetic performance.



Interesting Snapshot of a Beautiful Siamese Cat Which Won a Prize in an Exhibition of Casual Photographs. The Picture Was Made by Paul Popper, in London.

Beating The Depression In Germany With Portable Showcases

WHEN business men find themselves in the midst of a depression they do one of two things—get discouraged and eventually retire from the scene of action or think up new schemes to get their share of the trade and, if possible, operate at a profit.

Right now conditions in Germany are not any better than they are in many other countries trying to dig out of economic confusion and up-and-coming shopkeepers are resorting to all sorts of advertising stunts. The photograph at the right shows how one Berlin clothier is meeting the challenge of the times.

This merchant, although he carried high-quality goods and sold them at a fair price, found that fewer and fewer customers were coming into his place of business. Every day he dressed his windows differently in the hope that these displays would attract attention and favorably impress potential buyers with the price of a suit in their pockets. But nothing much happened and his books showed that he was operating "in the red."

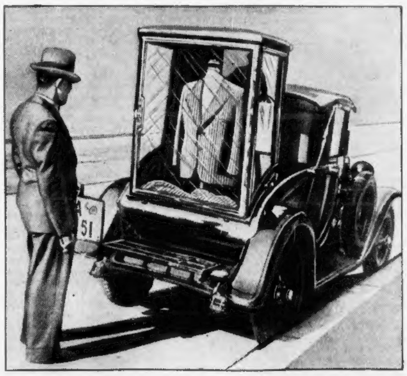
In trying to analyze his business situation he posted himself at the door of his shop and counted the men who walked past his windows and he made an enlightening discovery—the street was not so nearly popular as it used to be. In the run of a day fewer potential buyers were walking through his neighborhood and of this reduced number even fewer were taking the trouble to stop and look in the windows. The answer to the problem was plain—he would have to find some way of calling attention to his wares in a wider area and attract people from other streets to his store.

He had a small automobile—a roadster with a rumble seat. What with his income reduced he couldn't use it as much as he had in better times and he and his family seldom took it out of the garage. Perhaps this motor car could be pressed into commercial service.

So it came about that the rumble seat came out and in its place went a neat showcase with plate glass sides. The merchant didn't care especially for this rather blatant type of advertising but anything was worth trying when business was on the toboggan. Every day he, or one of his clerks, would "dress" the portable showcase with a modish suit painstakingly fitted to a form and drive away from the shop on an advertising trip. Neatly printed signs on the roadster informed people that suits like this could be bought in the merchant's shop where prices were fair, the merchandise as represented and, of course, satisfaction guaranteed.

In one week sales went up more than 50 per cent and profits almost paid for remodeling the car and for the showcase. Within a month business was encouragingly better and the Saturday night balancing of the books revealed a black figure instead of a red one.

With a Teutonic flair for details, the clothier noted that the speed at which he drove his traveling show window directly affected the "pull" of this type of advertising and he seldom moves through the business section of the city at more than 15 miles an hour. If he speeds faster than that prospects can't see what his suits look like or fix the name and address of his store in their minds.



The Traveling Showcase Devised by an Enterprising Berlin Merchant, Who Figured He Could Reach More People Than the Number Which Ordinarily Would Pass His Store If He Sent Out Samples of His Wares on a Truck.

Prize Snapshot of the "Cat From Siam"

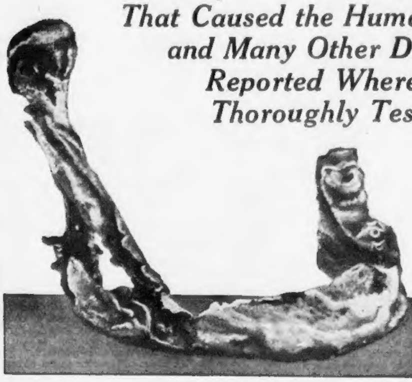
ABOUT the hearthstones of hundreds of homes in the British Isles are smudgy-faced, shining-eyed pets — cats from Siam. The English do not worship these cats, as the Siamese do, nor do they subscribe to the ancient belief that the souls of humans sometimes go into the feline bodies and continue earthly existence. But the British are great fanciers of the Oriental cats and spend a lot of time and money for such kittens as the one shown in the photograph, a thoroughbred valued at something like $200.

No one knows how many centuries ago cats like this were common in Siam because the origin of the species is shrouded in legend and mystery. But it is known that they were called "Temple Cats" and that they were accorded extraordinary privileges not only in the places of worship but in the royal court. It was not unusual for members of the royal house and native priests to put the smoky-faced cats in golden cages before which incense was burned and offerings of choice food were placed.

It was about 50 years ago that the wife of a British consul stationed in the royal city of Bangkok brought a pair of the cats to London and created considerable of a furore among the city's cat lovers. The demand for the sacred kitties was immediate and it was many years before there were enough of the cats to go around.

New Drugs That May Kill Instead of Cure

Radium Water That Brought Death to Those Who Took It, Reducing Concoctions That "Cooked" the People Who Tried Them, Prescriptions That Caused the Human Skin to Turn Blue and Many Other Disastrous Results Reported Where New and Not Thoroughly Tested Medicines Have Been Used



A Photograph of the Shriveled Jawbone of Amelia Maggia, One of the Victims of Radium Poisoning. This Unfortunate Girl Absorbed Tiny Bits of Radium During Her Work of Painting Luminous Numbers on Watch Dials. The Powerful Element Ate Into the Bones of Her Jaw and Skull Until It Caused Her Death.

OF COURSE, on the drug store shelves there are poisons which the druggist knows and the doctor understands. In the right amount and under the right conditions, they are prescribed by the doctor and compounded by the pharmacist and are valuable medicines.

But there are other drugs in the bottles on the shelves which are not marked with the skull and cross-bone warnings but which it has been discovered contain doses of death which have not been suspected by the doctors and were unknown to the druggist.

Science works ceaselessly to find new drugs which will benefit human ailments, but sometimes while the cure is going on the drug is accomplishing wicked results in unexpected ways. Thus it sometimes happens that a new drug is hailed with great joy and widely used as an important addition to mankind's ways of curing disease and turns out to be poisoning people or working other unsuspected harm.

A year or two ago several individuals died slowly from radium poisoning, due to radium waters which they had taken as medicines. A drug once much used as one of the few remedies available for the crippling disease of the joints called arthritis has been found sometimes to do fatal harm to the liver. Another drug used for ringworm of the scalp has proved to be a dangerous nerve poison.

Ten little girls, under ten years of age, will go through life with blue or slate-gray complexions. These children and sixty others, rather less discolored, have developed argyria from the use of silver preparations. The disfigurement followed the use of nose and throat solutions containing silver for the treatment of colds and similar conditions. It is silver drugs often used in doctors' prescriptions which have marked these unfortunate little ones for life.

Only a few months ago a series of drugs widely used as remedies for headache and other pains were convicted of causing one of the most mysterious and dangerous diseases of the bodily machinery for making new blood. Later, still a new "reducing" drug suggested for fat people caused at least six persons literally to burn themselves to death.

In the last instance, the deaths followed definite and repeated warnings from medical authorities. Physicians are extremely careful, also, to make thousands of preliminary tests before any new drugs or other medical procedure is adopted for general use. The people who play with loaded guns or carry nitroglycerine around in their pockets are not a bit more foolhardy than people who prescribe new and powerful medicines for themselves.

The "slimming" drug resulted from incidental facts noticed during the war in French factories where workmen were handling a chemical called dinitrophenol used in the manufacture of explosives. Some of these workmen developed mysterious fevers, finally traced by the French physicians to effects of small doses of this chemical, accidentally swallowed or breathed.

Following this, Dr. W. C. Cutting, of the Stanford University Medical School, suggested that dinitrophenol and related chemicals might be used to produce fever purposely, either for some curative effect which the fever might have or so that the fever would help to burn up the superfluous fat. Tests proved that this really worked,

Miss Marguerite Carlough, One of the Girls Who Painted Luminous Watch Dials, and Who Was Killed by Radium.

and drugs of the dinitrophenol type were introduced, very tentatively and carefully into medical practice.

Dr. Cutting and his associates warned the medical profession, and everybody, that the new drug might have serious dangers. The doses to be given were made extremely small. Careful watch was to be kept for any symptoms of poisoning or anything else unusual. In spite of this, it was only a few weeks after the introduction of the drug when a young man living in San Francisco killed himself with it. Having been educated in medicine at an Austrian university, this gentleman evidently thought himself more competent than Dr. Cutting.

His first dose went off successfully enough. An attack of fever was produced but with no apparent harmful effects. The second dose was more disastrous. Within six hours the man was in the hospital at the point of death, which occurred four hours later. The unfortunate man's temperature had risen so high that no thermometer which the physicians had at hand would measure it. It was at least 115 degrees, although a continued temperature of 107 to 108 degrees usually is considered fatal. There is no doubt that the second dose of the drug literally cooked the man's insides.

A few weeks later a similar case aroused medical authorities in Hungary. News of the new drug for slimming without denying one's appetite spread across the Atlantic and came to the ears of a young dancer in a Budapest theatre. Obtaining a box of tablets similar to the drug used in San Francisco, the girl proceeded to take the tablets as she saw fit, without consulting a doctor at all. As with the unfortunate man in San Francisco, the fever literally burnt her body to death.

The pain killer which has been indicted for such serious damage to the bodily machinery for blood making is

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Paul, Formerly Miss Isabel Biddle, a Philadelphia Society Woman, Who Was Reported to Have Been So Seriously Poisoned by Medicines Used in a Facial Treatment That an Operation Was Necessary to Save Her Life.

the drug called amidopyrine; not only much used in physicians' prescriptions but which is a constituent of many headache remedies and other patent medicines sold for the relief of pain. Amidopyrine is a synthetic chemical made from coal tar.

Parallel with this use of the drug, physicians ten or twelve years ago began to notice more and more cases of a mysterious blood disease called granulopenia, in which the numbers of the white corpuscles of the blood decrease until only very few of them are left. Since these white corpuscles are necessary in the body to combat the invasion of germs, victims of this disease often suffer from throat ulcers and other signs of germ invasion. There apparently are several possible causes for this blood disease but physicians were greatly puzzled to account for its sudden increase.

Finally, about four years ago, Dr. R. R. Kracke, of Emory University, in Atlanta, Georgia, formed the suspicion that it might be the increasing use of amidopyrine and similar drugs which was causing the disease. Tests of many kinds were made and the indictment was proved. Recently, the American Society of Clinical Pathologists awarded Dr. Kracke a prize for his discovery.

It is known that the supply of white corpuscles in healthy blood needs to be renewed continually. Some of the old corpuscles always are wearing out and needing to be discarded. New white corpuscles must be manufactured to take their places, just as the police force of a city must continually be recruited to fill places left by policemen who drop out by retirement or death. Dr. Kracke and others who have studied the problem believe that what amidopyrine does is to interfere in some way with the manufacture of new white corpuscles, so that the corpuscular police force of the body falls below its proper strength and the germ criminals get a chance to get ahead of it.

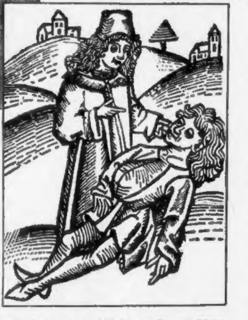
Two years ago the American Medical Association listed nine drugs sometimes used in popular headache remedies which purchasers should look for in the lists of constituents printed on the labels and should avoid, including morphine, opium, cocaine, heroin, eucaine, chloroform, cannabis indica, acetanilid and chloral hydrate. Amidopyrine must now be added to this list.

The dangers of radium were similarly unsuspected, at least by the majority of the medical profession, until the virtual epidemic of radium poisoning which occurred in a New Jersey factory and was discovered by Dr. H. S. Martland, distinguished New Jersey authority on public health. Workers in this factory had been accustomed to point in their mouths small brushes used in applying luminous radium mixtures to watch dials. Thus small amounts of powder containing radium were swallowed.

The radium accumulated in the bones of the unfortunate workers, who presently began to sicken and die from anemia, or lack of red blood corpuscles. Like the white corpuscles these red corpuscles must be manufactured continually in the body, an operation which is carried out in the marrow of the bones. Dr. Martland and his associates proved that the accumulation of radium in the bones stopped this process.

About the same time the drug stores began to sell "radium water," which is ordinary water in which small amounts of radium or other radioactive elements have been dissolved. Then followed a series of poisonings similar to the radium poisonings in the New Jersey factory. **Mr. Eben M. Byers**, the well-known capitalist and sportsman of New York, died from drinking radium water.

The ringworm remedy which proved to be so dangerous is the chemical element thallium, which has a remarkable

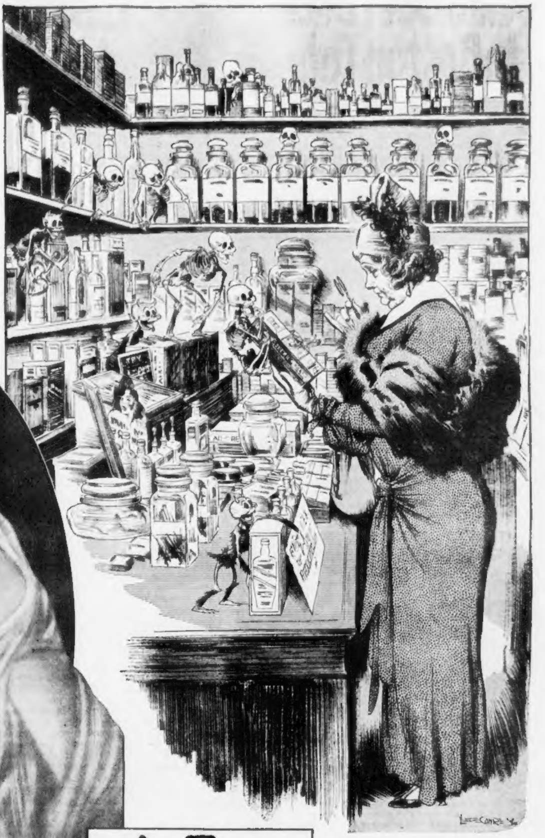


In the Early Days of Medicine a Bezoar Stone (a Concretion Similar to a Gall Stone Found in the Bodies of Some Animals) Was a Valued Cure-All. The Woodcut Above, Made in 1483, Showed the Application of a Bezoar Stone to a Victim of Poisoning. While They, of Course, Did No Good, They Were Far Less Harmful Than Some of the Powerful Drug Concoctions on the Market Today.

power of removing hair. Ringworm of the scalp is not really a worm but is an infection with a kind of fungus, consisting of microscopic plants. These are relatively easy to kill when they infect the open skin but very difficult to kill underneath a good crop of hair. Accordingly, the first step in treating a ringworm infection of the scalp always has been to remove the hair by shaving or in some other way.

When it was discovered that a dose of thallium taken into the stomach would cause all the hair on the body to fall out temporarily, this drug promptly was adopted as a means of removing the hair before treating an infected scalp for ringworm. Presently, however, a Spanish physician tried this on sixteen infected children in an orphan asylum. Their hair fell out all right, but fourteen of the sixteen children died from nervous and other disorders traced to thallium.

For a time the drug stores began selling their hair removers which contained the useful properties of thallium. Cases of nerve poisoning began to appear, and now the use of thallium has been pretty well abandoned for medical and cosmetic uses, although it still is used as a poison for vermin.



Tests by Reputable Chemists and Doctors Have Revealed That a Number of Preparations of the Kind Designed to Reduce Fat People Contain the Dangerous Drug Dinitrophenol, Which Causes the Human Temperature to Rise, Literally Burning Off the Excess Poundage. If Used in Large Quantity, It Raises the Temperature So High That the Organs of the Body Are Almost Cooked, and Death Follows.

One very serious case of cosmetic poisoning was that of Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Paul, prominent Philadelphia society matron, who was reported to have been in such a critical condition that only an operation saved her life. For two months she was unable to breathe through her nose, and through her mouth only with difficulty, due to the effects of the poison.

The liver damage caused by the remedy for arthritis has been traced to a drug called cinchophren, which seems, however, not to have its damaging effect on all persons. It belongs, nevertheless, among drugs to be regarded with extreme suspicion and to be taken only under competent medical advice. The old and familiar drugs called bromides, used by physicians for many years as sedatives to quiet nervousness and produce sleep, recently have been indicted by Dr. J. C. Sharpe, of Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, as possible causes of some puzzling cases of mild insanity and mental confusion.

Cases in which patients took too much arsenic and were seriously poisoned, although small doses of arsenic have been recognized for years as standard medicines for certain illnesses, have come to light. A similar case in which a woman patient took so such of a medicine containing small amounts of bichloride of mercury or "corrosive sublimate" that both her liver and kidneys were found after her death to be completely ruined, was reported in New York.

Several cases have been reported in which persons who used as medicine large quantities of pills or eye drops containing silver turned gray or black in their eyes or all over their bodies, although, fortunately, without fatal effects. Even the familiar if over-odorous vegetable, garlic, often used as a home remedy for worms, has been reported from Argentina, South America, as the cause of at least one fatal case of poisoning in a child.

Fortunately for the public, the world's medical professions are more alive than anyone else to the possibility of unsuspected dangers from new drugs or from old ones. Harmful ones are likely to be detected promptly.

Ducking Stool And Gibbet Back In Boston Fete

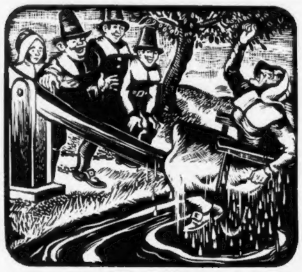
BOSTON is going to bring back the ducking-stool of its old stern Puritanical days. On historic Boston Common, America's most famous fifty acres, women "scolds," who spread scandal by gossiping, and who use their sharp tongues for the general dissemination of unhappiness, will be ducked this Summer in the Frog Pond.

It is possible also that men will be "hanged" this Summer on the ancient plot, which was a cow pasture in Colonial days, but thus far a definite decision has not been reached as to the execution on the trees, the gallows and the gibbet. What is causing more worry is the matter of persuading pretty girls to become scolds, at least during the Summer of 1935, in order that they may be ruled material for dousings in the water while tied to a bucket seat at the end of a long sweep.

Back 300 years ago, Puritan Boston ducked her shrill-tongued viragoes in chilly waters to cool off their enthusiasm for spreading scandal and for scolding their neighbors. There are many woman-haters who will say enthusiastically that this was a very fine idea and one of Boston's best contributions to society, although hardly kept up long enough.

But this Summer, Boston will resume the ducking as part of the tercentennial of the ancient Common—the celebration of its 300 years of history. Also—if a feasible way can be devised to swing volunteers on the gallows and still return them to twentieth century life healthy and intact—the hangings of Quakers, pirates and general run of the mine rascals, which were conducted there in Puritan times, will be simulated as part of the observance.

Likewise will be revived the old-time "Smokers' Circle," to which henpecked devotees of nicotine fled when barred from the house with their pipes, and the "Sweetheart Stone" of legend, upon which romantic belles of the sixteen hundreds are reputed to have sat and wished themselves into marriage with lads of their choice, but lads who, until the magic of the stone-wish overcame them, were chilly indeed toward the wishers.


It Was the Custom to Duck the Shrill-Tongued Viragoes in Chilly Waters to Cool Off Their Enthusiasm for Spreading Scandal and for Scolding Their Neighbors.

No difficulty is anticipated in obtaining volunteers to sit upon the "Sweetheart Stone," but there is considerable speculation as to how many daring girls and women, and what type, will come forward to take the roles of Boston's "common scolds." If there are volunteers, the committee fear the women and girls will insist that they be ducked in bathing suits and not in full clothing, even if the clothing will be Colonial costume.

Since the announcement of plans to revive the ducking stool was made, there have been no volunteers appearing, but when warmer weather arrives and the lure of the water with it, the women and girls may present themselves and sign up for the ordeal. Thus, only time, sun and the warm breezes may relieve the worry of the committee, which numbers among its many members some of Boston's bluest bloods, themselves descendants of the stern Puritans.

The legend of the "Sweetheart Stone" is that the huge boulder was on the north side of Boston Common—the Beacon Hill side—directly opposite the present Joy Street, and on the west slope. The boulder has long since disappeared, however, and if girls are to make marital wishes again in the old fashion a new stone must be put in place.

The original stone is declared to have had considerable popularity among girls of the Puritan colony who were in love with certain boys who were, however, contrarily taking up with the wrong damsels. In these cases, up on the "Sweetheart Stone" the yearning girls would go, sit aloft for a time, concentrate on a wish that the particular boy selections would pay some attention to them—and the wedding bells, it is reputed, were practically as good as pealing right then and there.

Revival of the "Smokers' Circle" is not worrying the tercentenary committee much, except for the possibility that modern ladies may not enter into the spirit of the thing, may resent being barred with their cigarettes, and may attempt to crash the gates of a gathering established originally and solely by males. In Colonial days, if a stern-visaged Puritan housewife chased her spouse from the house when he wished to light up his long-stemmed pipe, the henpecked husband would repair to a tree-shaded section of what was then the Town Pasture, and where he could puff to his heart's content and, with other similarly henpecked husbands, argue, even as now, over what the country was coming to.

The matter of reconstructing the hangings ordered and carried out by the Puritans is one to tax the ingenuity of the officials. There were hangings from scaffolds and gallows and also from the Great Elm, but the records fail to state which was used in the individual cases. The famous old elm stands on Boston Common no longer, however. It was blown down in the big storm of 1876, after more than 250 years of life.

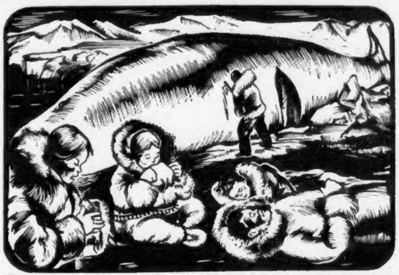
Included in these summary executions by the rope were those of five Quakers, two of them women. William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, Morgan Jones and Annie Hibbins were hanged on their first trip to the rope, after being convicted of practicing their religious beliefs in the new country, where freedom of worship was supposed to exist.

Many other Puritan customs and practices, most of them not as unpleasant as these, will also be revived for the tercentenary celebration in Boston this Summer.

Explorer Found Eskimos World's Laziest People

THE laziest people in the world, in popular fancy, would seem to be those blessed with a tropic climate, an abundance of food which merely needs to be plucked, and living conditions which necessitate a minimum of labor. Yet the opposite is true, according to Captain Peter Freuchen, the Danish explorer, who is certain that the race with the least energy and ambition is that which lives in an eternally frigid climate. These are the Eskimos, who, if they don't work, must starve—and who often neglect to fortify themselves against famine, and as a result of their disinclination for work, actually do starve.

Capt. Freuchen is an adventurous gentleman, recently back from his latest sojourn into the Arctic, with stories of exploring that rob that pastime of much of its glory and supposed peril. Lecturing recently in Montreal, the Captain, who wrote the book, "Eskimo," drew a word picture for his audience which threw many new slants on the business of making explorations. At the opening of his lecture, the tawny-bearded giant threw on a screen a typical picture of Arctic adventure, which, he said, "is the kind audiences like to see." This was a Northland picture showing an Arctic sled hanging perilously over the edge of an icy crevasse. Beside it, in typical explorer manner, crouched the daring figure of Captain Freuchen himself, obviously within the very jaws of death, his life hanging by a thread over the yawning precipice.


The Eskimos Joyfully Approached the Whale and Began a Feast. But They Postponed Storing the Winter's Food Because They Were Tired. Next Day the Body of the Whale Was Washed Out to Sea.

"That's a typical exploring picture," said Captain Freuchen, "the kind we explorers always show you. We've got to bring back pictures like that to maintain our reputations and keep everybody else glad to be at home. But after I posed for it, I dragged the sled back from the edge of the crevasse, walked a few yards along to its brink and then crossed the floe easily further down. It's not very difficult to bring back thrilling pictures, but in these days of airplanes and all the scientific improvements designed to assist explorers in their work, the hardships in the north country are not all they are pictured to be."

But Peter Freuchen's adventures have been real, for all his airy talk about them. In recent years he has explored with Knud Rasmussen a large part of the Hudson's Bay region. In 1928 he went to Arctic Russia and was also engaged in the hunt for Amundsen, who was lost in his attempts to aid the Italian explorer, Nobile. Recently he has made several trips to Greenland and Alaska. In exploration circles, where, he admits, his debunking of the profession may be viewed with distaste, he is nevertheless considered to be the greatest living authority on Eskimo life.

Eskimos are Freuchen's chief hobby; he knows more about them than the average stamp collector knows about stamps and he has more stories to tell about Eskimo customs than any other visitor to the Northland.

"The native Eskimo is the laziest person on God's green earth," was Captain Freuchen's first comment when asked about the northern people. Once, he said, to illustrate his point, he saw a group of them joyfully approaching the huge hulk of a whale that had been washed up on the coast near their settlement. It was big enough to keep them in food for the entire Winter, and securing Winter food is generally the Eskimo's chief worry. He expected to see them cut this huge treasure up and carry off the meat and store it away in case supplies should be short. But to his surprise, after they had cut a few large chunks out of the side of the mammal they sat down where they were and began to eat the blubber. Then they lay down and rested for a bit. When they felt somewhat recovered after their enormous meal they wandered off back home.

Captain Freuchen asked them why they didn't take some of the meat with them. They told him they were too tired, but would come back the next day and get some more. On the morrow, however, the whale had been washed far out to sea.

On another occasion, Captain Freuchen said, he spent considerable time in the Arctic as the guest of a fat, jolly Eskimo. Winter was approaching, but his friend made no attempt to go out and forage for food. Freuchen remonstrated with him, telling him he had better begin hunting pretty soon if he wanted to live through the Winter. However, the Eskimo said no, Freuchen was his guest and all he wanted to do was to stay home and entertain him. Three months later, when the explorer returned to see his friend, he did not recognize him. He had shrunk and shriveled until he had become almost a skeleton.

Standard of beauty among the Eskimos, says Freuchen, is a small nose. The girl with the smallest nose is the village belle and the most sought after by the young men. In one settlement he visited there was an Eskimo girl whose father might have been a white man, for she was distinguished by a nose unusually large and about which she was extremely sensitive. Freuchen's arrival in this settlement was greeted with joy on the part of this girl and her mother for a reason which he was soon to discover. Approaching him, the mother bade him welcome, saying she was overjoyed to see him, for there was someone in the village uglier than her daughter.

Chief characteristic of the Eskimos, next to their laziness, says Freuchen, is their hospitality. And in some of their customs they resemble closely the Chinese. For instance, he said, he had frequently attended igloo banquets, and the etiquette of these affairs he described briefly.

Like a typical Chinese host, the Eskimo hailed his guests with elaborate wails about how poor a house he had, how poor a hunter he was, and how poor a meal he must offer them. Having thus assured them that the meal was in no way fit to eat, he ordered the food brought forth. His wife acted as waitress, but her service would hardly have recommended her for a job in any American restaurant. Dipping into a pot, she would extract a chunk of meat from which she licked the gravy.

The food, said Freuchen, is not bad, but the drinking water is not so good. It consists of snow, melted in a cooking pot. And, added the explorer, it is "against the rules" to wash these pots oftener than once a year, so as a result the water looked like weak coffee and tasted like strong poison.

To sit out an Eskimo banquet to the end is a feat worthy of any explorer, Freuchen said. He himself has never been able to accomplish it and yet to stop eating before the others would be an insult to the host. His solution, therefore, was to fall asleep on the spot, just lie on the floor and slumber. An Eskimo won't wake you up, because he believes that when a man sleeps his soul has left his body for the time being and a sudden recall might be fatal.

Babies in Eskimoland, Freuchen said, are always called after their dead relatives, the Eskimos believing that in the new baby the dead one is perpetuated. When an Eskimo baby is born they start calling it name after name. If the baby cries when the name is called that name is immediately rejected, but whenever he stops crying, the name that was shouted at that moment is obviously his. The disembodied name, which according to belief has been hovering outside the door waiting for a call, leaves the other disembodied names and floats into the igloo, taking possession of the child. The baby then becomes the individual whose name he bears.

Illustrating this custom, Captain Freuchen told of one Eskimo woman who had eaten her husband and four children one Winter when food was scarce. She didn't think it mattered much, because she had got another husband and four more children and they had all been named after the dear departed.

The Eskimos even name their animals this way and Captain Freuchen once tried to buy a dog from one of them. "I can't sell it," the Eskimo replied, "he's my grandfather."

Struck It Rich, But Doesn't Know It

SOMEWHERE in desert waste or mountain fastness, a weary, a discouraged prospector is making his toilsome way, wondering sadly where his next grubstake is coming from, and if there is such a thing as luck any more. And all unbeknownst to him, he already has made his strike—a strike such as the most sanguine of desert rats would hardly dare to hope for. A fortune is waiting for him, and cannot find him.

It was last September that a weary, discouraged prospector dropped into the laboratories of J. W. Towns, of San Antonio, Tex., operator of the Maryland Smelting and Refining Company of San Antonio.

He planked down a few species of heavy ore before Towns, who is an assayer, but added that he was without the cash for an assay.

Perhaps he'd have money later, he said, but he didn't appear very hopeful either of finding the money or of learning that the ore had promise. He added that his grubstaker had just about given up hope of his ever making a strike.

The prospector left without giving his name, or any inkling as to where he was going.

Towns, who assays scores of samples every month, and who knows how rare it is to find paying ore, gave the matter little attention. But the ore continued to lie around in his way, and, so, when he had little else to do, the assayer finally made a test.

The results took his breath away. The ore assayed 500 ounces to the ton; and with silver now bringing 77 cents an ounce, that meant $375 worth of the metal in every ton. According to Towns, silver can be mined profitably when it assays from $10 to $15 per ton. And yet no one but the vanished prospector knows where the ore came from, and Towns' every effort to locate the man has been unsuccessful.

Nor is this the only time Towns has known such an ironic play of fate. Two years ago another prospector came to the assayer's offices with several small sacks of ore. He asked that an assay be made, and promised to return in several days, but left no name or address.

The assay revealed that the ore ran $12 worth of gold per ton of ore!

To indicate the possible significance of such a strike, it is usually considered that $5 ore can be worked at a profit by one method or another.

Compare these figures with those for the gold ore left with Towns. And yet the prospector never returned! Today he's probably wearily wending his way through mountains and desert with a burro, gold pans and prospector's hammer, wondering if he'll ever make his lucky strike.

Vamped By An Adventuress On Shipboard

EMANUEL ABRAHAMS, an aged and decrepit Australian millionaire, tucked in his deck chair aboard the S. S. Strathnaver, glanced up at the woman.

The vision of feminine loveliness was almost rejuvenating. The old man beheld a pink-cheeked girl with soft wavy chestnut hair and as sweet a smile as he had ever beheld. "Please," she said, "can I be of some assistance?"

Emanuel Abrahams cleared his throat and smiled, despite his obvious embarrassment. To him she was merely a child, a good-hearted little child, and so he called her "My dear."

"Er—well, now, my dear," he said, "this is most kind of you, but there is nothing that I need, really."

The girl tucked the steamer rug more firmly about the old gentleman.

"I shall keep an eye on you, sir, and see that you are comfortable."

With that, the vision of loveliness left him.

Emanuel Abrahams had been traveling to Buenos Aires six years before this, and had contracted a serious illness that sent him on to England for treatment. During the six years he had only slightly improved in health and had felt like an exile from his beloved Melbourne, until he felt he would have no more of it and took ship for home.

It was not until the S. S. Strathnaver was off the coast of Ceylon that Mr. Abrahams was able to appear on deck.

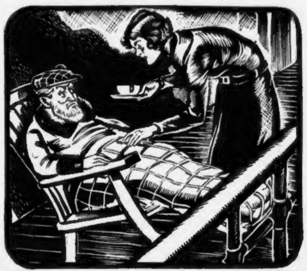
Passengers naturally inquired as to the identity of the old gentleman.

"An Australian millionaire," they were informed.

Then it was that the vision of feminine charm offered the old gentleman her services. She came back soon after the first bit of conversation with him.

"Are you feeling quite all right, Mr. Abrahams?" she asked. She had learned his name.

"Yes, yes, my dear."


"I shall keep an eye on you," Said the Self-Appointed Nurse, and She Did. But That Wasn't All. When Mr. Abrahams Got Home He Suddenly Found Himself Defendant in a Breach-of-Promise Suit.

"I am a nurse accompanying Mrs. Stewart Dawson and her grandchild to Sydney. I have a great deal of time and it will be a pleasure for me to add to your comfort in any way."

She introduced herself as Miss Ethelwynne Roberts. The ministrations of the beautiful Miss Roberts were constant and tender after that.

Mr. Abrahams had believed that he had underestimated the sincerity of womankind until he reached his native Melbourne—then his opinions took a sudden and shocked change.

He was served with a writ claiming ten thousand pounds ($50,000) damages for Miss Ethelwynne Roberts because of breach of promise!

What was worse, the Melbourne law courts were on vacation and it would be some time before Emanuel Abrahams could attempt to defend himself.

"Preposterous!" fumed the kind-hearted old Mr. Abrahams. "Why, when we reached Fremantle I was too ill to land and make the remainder of my journey overland. It was while off that port that word came to me that Miss Roberts was claiming to be engaged to me. Naturally I was angry and upset and called her to task.

"'How dare you say such things?' I demanded of her. 'I will not have my name coupled with yours in that silly manner!' Miss Roberts laughed gaily and assured me that it was merely a silly joke. 'It is no joke to me,' I told her, and she laughed and told me that it was nothing at all to worry about.

"I am almost too astounded for words," the old gentleman declared when the breach of promise papers were served on him. "I recall, now, that the pretty little nurse—and adventuress, so it now seems—insisted on hovering about me, and doing a thousand and one little favors, bringing me tea, arranging my rug, getting books for me. I told her many times that I did not need all of that attention."

There came another delay when it was decided to have the evidence of Miss Roberts' employer, Mrs. Stewart Dawson, taken in England, where she had gone after a brief stay in Sydney.

Friends of the aged Mr. Abrahams feared that this suit for fifty thousand dollars against him on the beautiful nurse's claim that he had asked her to marry him and then, after her acceptance, had refused, would shatter his poor health even more. But the reaction seemed to be quite different. The aged millionaire became so angry that he was eager to fight it out in the courts and apparently forgot about his illness.

A second big surprise came at the opening of the law courts in Melbourne. Chief Justice Sir William Irvine, with the full consent of Miss Ethelwynne Roberts' solicitors, threw the case out of court!

It seemed that the beautiful Miss Roberts had left Australia and was on her way back to England by way of America. And she had written a latter to Mr. Abrahams aboard the ship just before sailing.

The letter was:

"Dear Mr. Abrahams:—I am leaving today for England and would like you to know, before doing so, that I personally regret having caused you any anxiety.

"I am old enough to think for myself; furthermore, I have pride. My address will be for the present, London, and please remember I should never have adopted this attitude had I not been so strongly persuaded to do so.

"This is all I have to say. I wish you a speedy recovery.

Sincerely yours,
"ETHELWYNNE ROBERTS."

Movie Queens of Other Days Now "Extra Girls"

Screen Stars Who Once Earned Almost Fabulous Salaries Now Playing Minor Parts or Grateful to Get $7.50 a Day for Playing an "Atmosphere Role"

Alice Lake in a Picture of Many Years Ago When She Was a Star.

Ruth Clifford, Once in Demand at a High Salary and Now Doing Smaller Parts.

Clara Kimball Young, Who Once Received a Salary of $200,000 a Year, Had an Unimportant Role in a Hollywood Picture, in Which She Appeared in the Garb of a Nun, but Had No Speaking Part.

Betty Blythe, Once Prominent on the Screen, in a Recent Role with Herbert Mundin.

Florence Turner, the First Actress to Have Her Name Featured on a Motion Picture Film, and Now in the Line at the Casting Director's Office, Eager to Get Work as an Extra.

WHERE are the great movie queens of a few years ago?

Well, some of them are working as "extras," when they can get work. Women whose names were flashed on the electric light signs of Broadway and whose faces adorned the covers of the movie magazines now call hopefully at the casting director's office asking for a few days' work in one of the crowd scenes in the movie that is being shot.

Some of the women got the fabulous salaries that were paid in earlier days to screen stars, and they are now happy to put $7.50 in their handbags as they trudge home after a day's work as an obscure figure in the atmosphere background. And among them are men who were matinee idols of a few years ago and played the hero parts in films which are no longer shown on the screen.

Although fame has passed them by, Hollywood treats them kindly. The veteran producers and old-time directors who are still in the business try not to forget. They give the former stars preferred rating among the extras and use them as much as possible.

And the ex-celebrities accept their plight with good grace. With the philosophy that is born of the theater, they realize the fickleness of fame, blame no one and hold no grudges. All they ask of the profession to which they have given their best talents is an opportunity to make a livelihood.

On May 17, 1907, Florence Turner, a 17-year-old youngster, made her first picture for the old Vitagraph company in Brooklyn. It was entitled "How to Cure a Cold," a story told in 350 feet of flickering film. The following Fall she became Vitagraph's first contract player at a salary of $18 a week.

By 1910 the Vitagraph Girl had acquired the honor of being the first actress to have her name on the screen. It was two years later before the Biograph Girl became known to the public by name—Mary Pickford. With her in the Vitagraph company at that time were such celebrities as Clara Kimball Young, Anita Stewart, Earl Williams, Wallace Reid, Flora Finch and John Bunny.

Within a year the fledgling industry hit its stride and Miss Turner worked up to a salary of $250 a week. A film venture on her own in England proved ruinous for Miss Turner. Financial aid extended by friends enabled her to return to the United States and in 1924 the first star of the silver screen went to Hollywood, where she played in a picture with Anita Stewart, followed by a prominent role in "The Gilded Highway" for J. Stuart Blackton. She rose to a position that commanded $350 to $400 a week.

But illness overtook Miss Turner and her mother. The Vitagraph Girl once more was forced to give up her career. She regained her health but never again has she been able to catch up with the hurrying procession that passed her by. In her forties now, Miss Turner waits hopefully for extra roles and bits in the pictures. She appeared recently in a picture made at a studio as a dress extra and got $7.50 a day for it. Still attractive and possessed of a mature beauty, America's first screen star doesn't want anybody's sympathy—all she seeks is work in pictures.

"There is only one possible unhappiness that could be visited upon me," she said. "If I were denied the privilege of taking some part in the making of motion pictures I am sure it would break my heart."

Another of the popular figures of the bygone days who is glad to find employment in the ranks of the extras is Alice Lake. She first appeared in pictures in little girl roles. In 1915 she began playing in the old Keystone comedies, literally running miles as a participant in the cop-chasing scenes that characterized those early day thrillers.

From comedy she progressed into emotional and dramatic roles, rising to rank with the topmost in the era when Rudolph Valentino, Nazimova and Viola Dana were contemporary stars, all commanding more than $1,000 a week. One of the most cheerful of all the group of ex-stars and former featured players, she talks freely of the ups and downs of moviedom.

"We can't stay on top forever," she said. "When I came to Hollywood Mabel Normand had to move over to make room for me. It's a matter of displacement, you see. I had to get out of the way for someone newer. I don't envy the new ones, either. All I ask is a little bit of work now and then. I want only to stay right here in Hollywood, where I used to be tops and do the best I can, whenever they give me a chance to work.

"Of course, I'm one of the crowd—that crowd I meet every once in a while on some set—former stars. Some complain and get discouraged. There is only one little complaint that I can make. I wish the directors would forget about our names—would forget that we were once important people and just give us the extra work. They don't have to give us parts, all we want is work."

Twenty years ago Clara Kimball Young was the outstanding star of her type in motion pictures. Her popularity was universal. At the height of her career her income was $200,000 a year. Her fan mail reached as high as 10,000 letters a day.

Movie patrons who stood in line outside the box offices two decades ago to see the glamorous Miss Young may see a familiar face if they look closely when "The Crusades," recently produced, is exhibited. Among the 350 extras who worked in the picture was Miss Young, cast in an "atmosphere role."

Miss Young, the daughter of Edward M. Kimball, one-time stage star, began her screen career in 1912 and rose quickly to stardom. She soon became a box office champion and earned top salary for the stars of the early days of motion pictures. Like Florence Turner, she started her screen career with Vitagraph. "The Little Minister," "Love's Sunset," and "The White Slave" were some of her popular productions. Later, after forming her own company, she starred in "The Common Law" and "The Easiest Way."

She went to Hollywood 18 years ago and there her popularity continued for a time. Then gradually her hold on the theatre public began to wane. New figures were gaining their following. Fickle Hollywood and a fickle public pushed her aside to make room for new favorites.

Life somehow took Clara's money from her as the years went on. When she was "in the money" she dispensed it with the prodigality characteristic of the show business. She pinned much faith in others, permitting them to handle her funds and manage her business affairs. She, too, has joined the list of notables in the extra ranks of Hollywood.

Also to be found in the atmosphere background of "The Crusades" is Helene Chadwick, a star of former days. Hopeful of gaining a new foothold in pictures, Miss Chadwick joined the ranks and found herself welcomed on the set by scores of other players, some of whom remembered her for her performances of yore.

Betty Blythe, another star of the silent films, was discovered recently among a group of extras hired for a big new production. The director singled her out for a minor role in tribute to her past achievements. But Miss Blythe aspires to no new fame in films.

"I'm not attempting a comeback," the star of "Queen of Sheba" explained. "I've had my fun and I've had my riches. I was at the top once and I am sane enough to realize I will never be there again. The greatest lesson I have ever learned is that every actress has her day. They all pass through their cycles of ups and downs and the top rung of the ladder may be broken at any moment.

"When Hollywood dropped me I sulked. I fought unsuccessfully for a year to prove I was the best actress in town, and then, as it happens in all the best stories, a bolt of light came out of the sky and I realized the truth. I had led the parade long enough. It had passed me by."

The kaleidoscope that is Hollywood, shifting scenes, dropping today's stars into discard, does not discriminate between men and women.

The rapidity with which filmdom follows the policy of "out with the old, in with the new," is well illustrated by the case of William Farnum. Among his relics Farnum has two contracts. One, faded and worthless now, is a single scrap of paper, dated 1917. It was his contract with William Fox calling for $10,000 weekly, to be paid him 52 weeks of the year.

Recently he was signed to play a minor role in "The Crusades." The weekly remuneration called for is but a small fraction of the amount paid him 18 years ago. And it is a contract for only a short period, the return from which will help him pay current bills.

In his heyday, Farnum was the highest paid star in pictures. As a leading exponent of virile box office attraction, he is still remembered for his roles in such pictures as "The Spoilers," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Les Miserables." Farnum has no regrets for the glory that was lost when he had to quit the screen for two years due to illness.

"I am satisfied that I was once on the top," he said. "No one in motion pictures expects fame to last forever. The real satisfaction comes in being able to work in pictures in any capacity year after year."

With some of the ex-stars found in the ranks in Hollywood today their acceptance of work as extras or in "bits" is a matter of necessity, others hope it may be a stepping stone to better things, and a few take what comes their way because they like the atmosphere in which they have carved their careers.

Occasionally seen in minor parts are Ruth Clifford, who halted her career several years ago to have a baby; Robert Warwick, one of the earliest and greatest of leading men; Francis Ford, former director, and Rosa Rosanova, once acclaimed as the screen's premier character actress. These four, with Betty Blythe, appeared recently in a production.

The background personnel of one courtroom scene in a picture a short time ago was made up of a virtual roster of former stars and featured players. Back in the courtroom, amid the "mob" hired to laugh in the right place, or perhaps chatter, sat a woman who was once queen of the lot where the film was being made. The woman was Kathryn Perry.

In the crowd on the other side of the courtroom aisle was Ilean Hume, once ingenue to John Barrymore and a featured player in the days of the old Metro company.

On the bench sat a pompous judge, in flowing robes. He spoke—once in awhile—a small line. It was Edward LeSaint, once a director.

The clerk of the court was Gladden James—those whose memories go back to Vitagraph days will recall him as a leading man.

Other followers of the old-time thrillers would have found familiar faces in the jury box. There was William Clifford, once leading man at Universal and the old Thomas H. Ince studios. Seated nearby was Wadsworth Harris, "Waddie" to the other extras, acting his bit among his associates in the jury box in the grand old manner of the Shakespearean player. He had played nine seasons with Mme. Modjeska, and had appeared with E. H. Sothern. Another was Stanhope Wheatcroft, son of Nelson Wheatcroft and Adeline Stanhope, one of America's most renowned theatrical families. A seat or two removed was William Naughton Bailey, formerly a player of leads and featured character roles at the Pathe studios. There was Edward Piel, a lead at the old Lubin studios and at Fox Films.

For six years Jessie Pringle played the role of Frank Bacon's wife in his noted stage hit, "Lightnin'." Her life savings wiped out by the depression and bad investments, she emerged from retirement a short time ago. She recently played the part of the family cook in Will Rogers' "Merry Andrew."

"It made me feel the least bit important again—sort of put starch in my courage," she said. "I'm grateful."

Noted directors and once prominent producers are to be found on the extra lists, too. Frank O'Connor is one. A protege of Henry Miller, he played many roles in Frohman productions and became a leading man at the Lasky studio in New York. Later he was sent to Hollywood to direct Mary Miles Minter and May McAvoy. He went broke when he tried to produce his own pictures and today is glad to get work as an extra.

Another is Pat Hartigan. After playing character roles on the New York stage for a time, he went to Hollywood to direct pictures for the Kalem Company, of which he finally became part owner. He directed Ruth Roland in her first picture. Other stars on his payroll were Alice Joyce and Marshall Neilan. Hartigan, like O'Connor, lost his money, and now makes a living by playing atmosphere roles.

At one time in Hollywood the name of J. Stuart Blackton was synonymous with fame. To be singled out by Blackton meant stardom and fortune. He rose to a position of eminence in filmdom in the days when screenland's great numbered such figures as Florence Turner, Clara Kimball Young, Francis X. Bushman, William Desmond, Marguerite Clark, Anita Stewart, Pearl White, Flora Finch, Bessie Barriscale, Wallace Reid, Earl Williams, Katherine McDonald and Theodore Roberts. He helped make such stars as Barbara La Marr, Mae Murray, Milton Sills, Mae Marsh, Theda Bara, Ben Turpin and many others.

As a successful producer, he became a millionaire. A few years ago reverses beset him. Today, fame and fortune gone, he is looking for any break that the picture industry will give him. Recently he was employed to direct a monthly newsreel recording the history of Federal Relief projects in Los Angeles County. As a relief worker his pay was $2 a day, but he hopes it may pave the way for a return to the better days of his brilliant career.

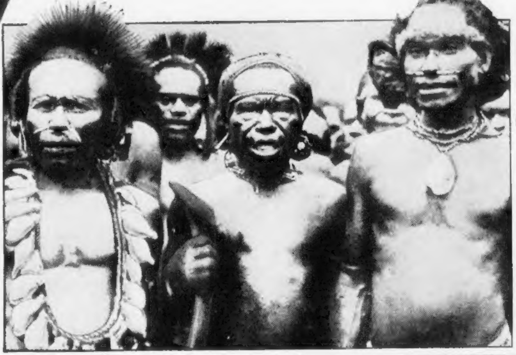
Seeking the Gold, Cannibals and Devil Pig of Papua's Jungle

Discovery of an Unknown Race Which Belongs to the Prehistoric Stone Age and Terrifying Tales of the Fierce Pig Start Explorers to Search the South Sea Island Interior

One of the Stone Axes the Natives Use to Cut Trees and Fire Wood.

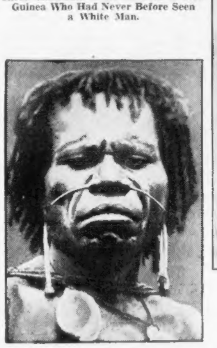
PHOTOS WIDE WORLD

A Village Chieftain—a Sort of Cannibal Mussolini in Appearance and Forcefulness of Gesture.


Three Cannibals of the Interior of New Guinea Who Had Never Before Seen a White Man.

A New Guinea Cannibal Belle, All Dressed Up With Beads and Shells.

Group of Women and Children Photogfaphed in the Unexplored District of Central New Guinea.


A Cannibal Native—a Bad Man to Meet When He Is Hungry.

COMMANDER G. M. DYOTT, explorer and anthropologist, is leading a scientific expedition into the unknown jungles of New Guinea, in the great island of Papua, near Australia. One of their chief ambitions is to bring back a devil pig. No white man has ever seen a devil pig but most anything may exist in the hidden fastnesses of that queer island. Until a little while ago nobody knew that behind walls of impenetrable jungle and mountain chains in New Guinea lay a lovely, grassy plateau supporting 200,000 people who had never seen or heard of a white man.

The natives of the coast and rivers seem never to have made contact with the plateau people because their languages and customs have as little in common as if they lived on opposite sides of the world. The newly-discovered people are strapping, big Negroes with a taste for cannibalism, but what makes them most interesting to science is the fact that they are 100 per cent stone-age men.

Though it does not live in caves, this forgotten race uses the same sort of stone axes and knives as the European caveman did. They appear to present the picture of a nation of Rip Van Winkles, living fossils that went to sleep possibly 30,000 or even 50,000 years ago in the paleolithic age, and only woke up the other day at the buzz of an airplane. Their ancestors may have settled this upland fastness before the white man was evolved, probably migrating from Africa when that continent contained the aristocrats of the world, who had produced a sort of civilization unequaled anywhere else.

Yet there is evidence of another and more advanced race which these stone-age people seem to have forgotten, a civilization sufficiently high to have left behind such utensils as stone mortars and pestles which the newly-discovered natives do not know how to use. The curiosities closely resemble those of the very early Egyptians or the Hittites. Where did that civilization come from and where did it go?

Prof. John Campbell, an authority on the Hittites, has pointed out that they spread their civilian arts from the River Tigris to China, and from Japan to the Gulf of Mexico, and says, "It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this ancient people, without a record of whose exploits ancient history could hardly be said to exist." It is possible that these ancient craftsmen left their mark in New Guinea, and that the Hittites were the creators of the advanced civilization existing there before the first representatives of the present race came into power.

It is hard to imagine how such a natural stronghold could have been captured without airplanes. If the ancestors of the present inhabitants conquered a mentally superior race, it must have been after a long war of extermination such as is sure to be preserved in the racial memory of tradition. The upland natives not only have forgotten this higher race, but they did not know that they are living on an island. It is quite possible that Papua was not an island when their pioneer ancestors arrived. These may have walked on dry land from what is now Cape York, Australia. Even now Torres Strait, which lies between, is so shallow as to make navigation difficult.

A London air-survey concern has also undertaken a job of exploring in New Guinea. They are not interested in the stone-age cannibals; in fact, will be just as well satisfied if they never see one. Above all things, they are anxious to have nothing to do with the devil pig, into whose society Commander Dyott yearns to crash. These men, in five-seater airplanes, are to explore for a gold-prospecting company amid the impassable jungles of the Fly River. It has long been known that those jungles must be hiding rich surface deposits of gold because natives occasionally turn up with sizable nuggets which have been passed from hand to hand out of some unknown source. Many blind attempts have been made to find this source on foot. Some expeditions have hacked their way into the green wilderness at the rate of a mile a day, but the white leaders soon become sick and exhausted and the natives tired and discouraged. At any moment the natives are likely to drop everything, leave the white man flat and flee all the way back to the river, screaming:

"Devil pig!"

This prospecting for gold will be done over the top of the jungle. It is hoped that landing places will be found from which the gold mines can be located. If so, native laborers will be brought, and even mining machinery, by air, and all should be well if the devil pig stays away. From the hysterical descriptions of natives this creature seems to be a sort of monster razor-back hog, with a long snout, dagger-like tusks, the most fiendish cry in the world, and the most disagreeable disposition.

It is doubtful if any native ever paused long enough to take a real look at a devil pig, but white men have been shown his alleged footprints. These indicate something with a pig-like hoof and a long, swift stride. Also some sort of unusual animal must exist to have built up such a dreadful reputation for himself.

A native policeman was found lying on the ground conscious but afflicted by a paralysis which made it impossible to speak or arise. After trying various other simple cures, the natives who found him tried beating him with sticks. This treatment worked so well that he was soon able to tell them what had happened. It was a case of mistaken identity.

The policeman had fired at an animal partly hidden by vegetation but which he supposed safe to shoot at. What was his dismay to hear the unearthly cry of the devil pig, which he recognized at once though he had never heard it before, and to see its terrifying snout, also recognized from description, coming out of the vegetation and making for him at ominous speed. The policeman fell right down giving himself up for lost but just as the thudding hoofs had almost reached him the animal's mate sounded a call causing the devil pig to trot away. So Commander Dyott knows he hasn't much competition in trying to meet the devil pig.

The Dyott expedition which will divide any stuffed devil pigs and other scientific treasures it may bring back among Oxford University and several Australian institutions, has chosen the area of the Spikik River, reputed to be the favorite haunt of the wicked pig and also some ape-like tribes which, if the river natives are to be believed, are far below the stone-age man. These are said to go entirely naked and have no tools, except a rude club and occasionally an eolith, a sharp stone which they have not sharpened nor shaped in any way but happen to have found in a useful form.

The land of the stone-age men is a grassy plain, some 5,000 feet above sea level, in an area that used to be a German possession but after the world war became a British protectorate. Herman Dertzner, German explorer, was the first to sight the hidden plateau which had always been a blank spot on the maps. As he came out to announce his discovery, he made another discovery, that the war had started. For the next four years he had his hands full avoiding being captured by the Australians.

Scarcely two years ago an airplane sailing across the same old jungle, climbed over the Bismarck Mountains, its occupants expecting to find on the other side even worse desolation. Instead they were astounded to look down upon green meadows, villages of huts and cultivated fields in checker-board patterns. Cultivation is foreign to the coast and river native and he does not take to it even when taught by the white man, perhaps because, under the tropic sun it is too much of a battle with the jungle and the insects.

The airplane returned without landing and several others also not landing mapped the area out from the air and figured the population at more than 200,000. The plateau dwellers watched the planes passing over their heads and one would suppose that nothing could have astonished a stone-age man more than civilization's newest marvel the flying machine. Later it was learned that these apparitions in the sky had aroused very little excitement. They had ben accepted as a large and noisy species of soaring bird.

However, when Assistant District Officer J. L. Taylor, sent by the Australian Government, alighted from the first plane to land on the plateau, the neighboring villagers were so impressed at seeing a man step out of the body of a monster bird, that they called him a white ghost, fed, housed, obeyed him as far as they could understand his pantomime and made no attempt to eat him.

After staying with them several months he was replaced by another man, not so lucky. Curiosity as to what white human meat tastes like seems to have gotten the better of their hospitality. He disappeared presumably into cannibal stomachs. Taylor's arrival was greeted by what sounded like a lot of police whistles. Nowhere else on the island are there any whistles except those brought in by the whites. These were made of baked clay, in the shape of a pig, but not the devil pig of which they have not heard.

After the crowd had recovered from the shock of seeing a bird lay an egg in the form of a human being with a white face, everyone crowded around the stranger who was relieved to see an authoritative person who strongly resembled Mussolini, stand on a rock and address them with all the vehement gestures and expressions of the famous Italian dictator. Taylor knew at once that this was the right man to give a treasure of glass beads, pins, tacks and a cheap pocket knife. Also he entertained "Mussolini" by working the plane's radio. That made only a moderate hit because it was only magic and the witch doctor had said (but never proved it), that he could make music come out of a tree stump.

When Taylor developed a picture of "Mussolini" making a speech, that was better. The black dictator was so pleased with the first picture of himself that he wanted to be photographed all the time. A copy of a picture paper showing the white man, his high buildings, streets and queer-looking women was reverently passed from hand to hand until in spite of great care it finally wore out. A watch was thought interesting because it ticked but when its purpose was explained, nobody thought that important.

Cannibalism is mostly connected with war. Battles are fought with stone-tipped spears, arrows and axes. The women follow the warriors carrying extra arrows and picking up those shot by the enemy. In case of defeat, the soldiers usually prove better runners than their wives who therefore provide most of the triumphal banquet of the victors. Nobody eats a person who has died from natural causes. The body is first laid on a fire until most of the skin is burned off. The flesh is then boiled in thin strips, placed in hollowed lengths of cane.

Stone-age belles adorn themselves in strings of small shells to which are now being added the white man's beads but the warrior is more practical. He wears strings of edible roots and other vegetables on which he munches until he is quite naked by sundown. The main decoration of the warrior is a long double loop of cane around his neck. As a youth when initiated into the tribe, he has to force this down his throat into his stomach, like a sword-swallower, and repeats it for all religious ceremonials.

Firearms, though a sensation, were a dangerous form of magic which nobody cared to handle but the prize everyone wanted to own was a plain steel axe. On seeing a white man, in a few minutes cut down a tree that would have taken two men all day with stone axes, they almost went crazy with admiration, laying their cheeks against the cool side and delightedly cutting themselves with the edge.

Such covetousness showed in "Mussolini's" eyes that it had to be presented to him but he was forced to lend it to others or there would have been a revolution. The axe had no rest until it was dull as a hoe but still better than a stone axe.

The Australian Government has quite a problem of civilizing these living fossils without arousing their resentment. As a first step it is sending missionaries to learn the language and devise arguments why the ancient custom of eating each other is a poor idea. Since they are so much cleverer at cultivating the soil than the natives in the lowlands, they have good oportunity to become vegetarians.

The business of adding 200,000 people to the British Empire and making sure they won't be exploited is a big responsibility, and care is being taken to do it right. Though the stone-age citizens must be convinced that they are now "Britishers," they are being permitted to go on thinking that they rule themselves. A system of indirect rule has been introduced, under which one strong native who will do for a local Mussolini is being chosen from each village to take care of the government work, to see that law and order are maintained, and that no more appetizing-looking white men are cooked for dinner.

How Many Are "Chained Sane Among the Insane"?

Recent Instances Where Former Inmates of Lunatic Asylums Have Contended They Never Were Crazy and Sue for Damages for the Distressing Experience They Suffered

The Group of Buildings at Harlem Valley Insane Hospital at Wingdale, New York.

"The Crazy Girl," by Jeanniot.

PERHAPS the human mind can conceive of nothing more terrible than being buried alive or being confined in a madhouse although sane. "Chained sane among the insane! Who can paint the agonized soul in a mental situation so ghastly?" wrote Charles Reade in his stirring novel "Hard Cash."

Mr. George H. Newman, seventy-seven-year-old resident of Beechhurst, Long Island, asserts that, although entirely sane, he has been through the agony of being locked up among the insane in an insane asylum, and he has brought suit for $100,000 damages against his three nephews and three doctors, charging them with having sent him to an asylum on a forged commitment.

Newman's complaint started an investigation in the course of which it was charged that, in addition to himself, eighteen others had been illegally committed to the same institution. Startled by testimony it heard, the New York County Grand Jury recently recommended that the law of the State of New York be changed so that designing relatives and unscrupulous medical experts on mental ailments cannot push sane persons into lunatic asylums.

Miss Celia Goldeng, a Dancer, Who Claims She Was Illegally Held in an Asylum for Two Years and Is Now Asking the Courts to Declare Her Sane.

Mr. Newman—whose charges have caused a demand for a state-wide investigation of asylums, in the belief that there may be many sane persons in them—used to be fond of his nephews. But he is not any more. He says one of the nephews dropped around to see him one evening, on what appeared to be a social call, bringing along a doctor who was introduced as a humanitarian. Looking back on what afterwards happened to him, Newman now feels there was a touch of bitter irony in the use of that term.

Mrs. Myrtle de Montis, an Astonishing Instance of a Sane Person Being Held in a Lunatic Asylum.

Encouraged by his nephew to talk freely, Newman says he became animated and told amusing stories about his father—which made everyone laugh, including the doctor. At the time, it did not occur to Newman that this doctor might be observing him for any mannerisms that might be construed as an indication of mental instability.

Later Newman's wife was persuaded to sign a petition to have him committed to the Harlem Valley Hospital for the Insane, at Wingdale—but Newman says she misunderstood what she was signing and had no idea he was going to be sent to an asylum.

Shortly after the paper was signed Newman let it be known that he was going to the office of his family physician. When he got there he found another doctor, he says, and was told that his family physician was on a vacation in the Catskills.

Then, Newman says, he was persuaded to get into an automobile with two men represented as friends of his nephews, on the understanding that these men, who just happened to be driving up to the Catskills, would kindly take him to his family physician. But instead they drove to Wingdale, Newman charges, and he found himself a prisoner in an insane asylum—where he was kept for twenty-nine days.

The commitment had come, it was charged, from the office of Dr. Robert Sheehan, New York City psychiatrist, who is a member of the board of visitors of the institution—and as such, is forbidden by law to commit anyone to that particular asylum.

Dr. Sheehan's name was not signed to the commitment. Instead, on the line for the examining doctor's signature had been written, Newman's complaint set forth, the name of Dr. Earl C. Chesher, another psychiatrist, who at one time had been associated with Sheehan.

Whenever one of these commitments is made out, the law requires that a notary public certify to the genuineness of the signature of the psychiatrist who issues it. Newman charges that in his case, the name of the notary public appearing was that of Miss Frances Surdez, Dr. Sheehan's secretary.

After Newman got out of the asylum, he filed his $100,000 damage suit—naming as defendants, Dr. Sheehan, Dr. Chesher, Dr. Edward Liss, Dr. Isidor Kraus and his three nephews, Lawrence S. Greenbaum, Edward S. Greenbaum and Ralph A. Newman.

When Dr. Chesher heard he was being sued he was surprised and indignant, and said he did not know Mr. Newman, or anything about the case. He went to the asylum, examined the commitment, and announced someone had written his name on it. A search through the commitment file revealed eighteen others that had Dr. Chesher's name written on them—and as in the Newman case, he said he had never seen the patients. Later Dr. Chesher was dropped from the damage suit.

A question that is expected to have an important bearing on the trial of Mr. Newman's lawsuit is that of whether Dr. Chesher had given permission to have the secretary and notary, Miss Surdez, write his name on lunacy commitments and attest to the validity of the signature. Dr. Chesher said he had not.

It was reported to the District Attorney's office by competent alienists that, while the eighteen persons in question might have been irregularly committed, they were in fact insane.

The Grand Jury failed to return indictments, but it was sufficiently disturbed by the evidence it had listened to, to recommend changes in the lunacy law.

The common procedure now is for a relative or friend to go to a psychiatrist and sign a petition to have someone sent to an asylum. After an examination, if the psychiatrist thinks the patient should be confined, he signs the commitment—in the presence of a notary. But the commitment is not given to an officer of the law. Instead it is given to the person who signed the petition, and that person then has authority to trick the patient into an asylum by any method he chooses.

The commitment is only for thirty days. But at the end of that time, if the patient does not make application for release, or if someone does not make it for him, he can be kept in the institution indefinitely. Even if he does ask for release, the superintendent of the asylum can go before a Supreme Court Justice, tell of queer things the patient is supposed to have said and done—and without a hearing the patient can be kept permanently in the madhouse on an order signed by a Judge who has never seen him.

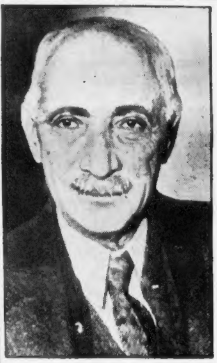
Miss Florence Gibb Pratt, Daughter of the Standard Oil Multimillionaire, Who Was Sued by the Gardener on Their Long Island Estate for Having Him Locked Up as a Lunatic.

Realizing from this that it is entirely possible for a sane person to be railroaded to an asylum, and perhaps kept there the rest of his life, the Grand Jury recommended these changes in the law:

1. That commitments should be made in duplicate, one copy filed with the Department of Mental Hygiene, so the signature of the alleged examiner may be checked with his original signature already on file there.

2. That commitments be given to some proper State official to serve, rathen than to the person seeking to have someone locked in an asylum.

3. That when a psychiatric signs a commitment, he be required to do this and make his oath in the presence of a Judge of a court of record.


George H. Newman, Who Has Brought Damage Suits Against Relatives and Doctors to Partially Compensate Him for the Agony of Being Locked Up Among the Insane.

The Newman case is only one of several that are at present in litigation in New York courts. Celia Goldeng, an actress who appeared in "The Desert Song," "The Vanities," and "Artists and Models," claims that she was illegally held for two years in Rockland State Hospital, and has filed suit asking the courts to declare her sane. Harry S. Bressler, a newspaper cartoonist, also asked the courts to vacate a lunacy commitment which he claims was illegal, and at the same time filed suit for $500,000 damages from persons he accuses of having him confined for almost a year in the Bloomingdale Hospital for Mental Diseases. He charges that he was brutally assaulted at Bloomingdale.

Morris Idelevitz, a store-keeper at Glen Cove, Long Island, and former gardener on the estate of Herbert Lee Pratt, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Co., of New York, brought suit for $125,000 from the millionaire oil man, claiming that Pratt helped railroad him to the Kings Park Hospital, where he was held against his will for three months. The reason he was sent to the insane asylum, Idelevitz says, was because he had been paying attention to Pratt's daughter, Florence Gibb Pratt, and writing her love letters. He says that to break up the attachment Florence was sent to England, where she later married Francis E. Powell, Jr. The Pratts, in their answer to the suit, which is yet to be tried, declare that in the opinion of competent physicians Idelevitz is irrational. In a court review of his case, Idelevitz was declared "judicially sane."

Emil K. Ellis, attorney for Miss Goldeng and Idelevitz, and Joseph A. Shay, Mr. Newman's lawyer, have asked that the Governor appoint a commissioner to investigate asylums throughout the State.

One of the most astonishing cases of a sane person being held in a lunatic asylum in recent times is that of Mrs. Myrtle de Montis, who has a Summer home on Puget Sound, near Tacoma, Washington. As readers of The American Weekly will recall, she suffered an attack of ptomaine poisoning after eating sandwiches made from canned meat. Her husband, Rafael de Montis, was visiting relatives in Spain at the time. So in search of help, she wandered alone from her house, and being mistaken for a demented person, she was taken to the Washington Insane Asylum at Steilacoom. She was there for four months, and she told of being put in a strait-jacket, of being forcibly fed from a kettle with a long spout like a watering pot, of being tied for long hours in chilling baths that made her violently ill, and of later being compelled to scrub floors.

Miss Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly, of a prominent Boston family, was held for a year and a half in a private asylum. She escaped, was declared sane by a Judge, and in writing of her experience, said: "I knew I was sane, but that nobody would believe it. The very fact that I was in an asylum for diseased minds was proof enough to doctors, nurses, attendants and visitors. I realized that the slightest unusual gesture, peculiarity of voice, inclination of the head, glance of the eye, eccentricity of word or action would be hailed as the stigma of insanity."

When the British novelist, Charles Reade, wrote "Hard Cash" there was a scandalous situation in Great Britain, where numberless private lunatic asylums had sprung up.

Reade's novel was a stirring picture of madhouse life which startled the British public and resulted in many important reforms in the lunacy laws of Great Britain. For many years after this England cherished the belief that no sane person could be sent to an asylum in that country. But soon after the late war, England was shocked by a series of cases which indicated that it was still possible to be "chained sane among the insane."

Captain Hume-Spray, a Canadian officer wounded during the war, brought action against doctors, claiming they sent him to an asylum because his pretty young wife had fallen in love with a physician at the hospital where he was being treated for war injuries.

W. S. Harnett, a wealthy farmer, fearing he had tuberculosis, made the mistake of going to a quack, who gave him treatments that made him desperately ill. To avoid possible charges of malpractice, the quack contrived to have the patient, who was delirious with fever, sent to an asylum—and Harnett was kept a prisoner for nine years.

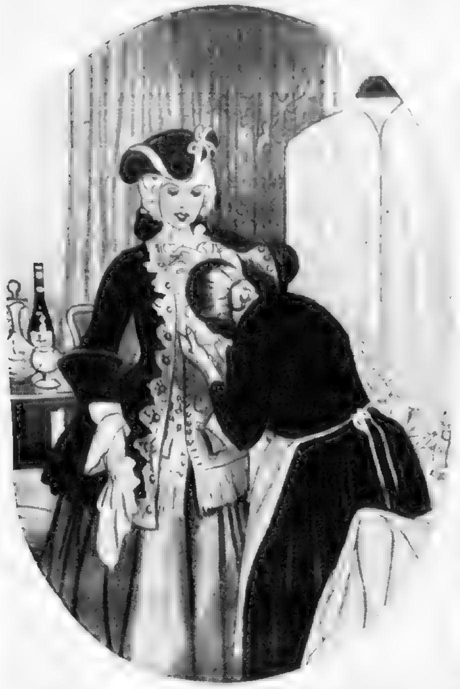
Prince Ahmed Seif-ed-Din, accused of attempting to shoot his uncle, now King Fuad of Egypt, in a family quarrel, was kept a prisoner in the Ticehurst Asylum in England for twenty-five years before he finally escaped.

Rose Berrows, a high-spirited girl, was accused of theft and locked in a wayward girls' home—where, resenting the treatment, she kicked down a door. For that she was declared insane and sent to an asylum. She escaped, and after she had succeeded in keeping herself hidden for two weeks, authorities were not allowed to arrest her—due to a curious old English law that any person who escapes an asylum and remains at liberty for fourteen days is free and cannot be taken back.

It is the belief of Mr. Newman, who is bringing the suit for $100,000 damages for being locked up in an insane asylum, that a thorough investigation of public and private "mental hospitals" throughout the United States will show many men and women "chained sane among the insane."

Her Last Bouquet *by* Bernard Bolt

Old Love, and Young—a Great Operetta, a Great Actress, and a Greater One. A Short Story of the Theatre, Complete on This Page.



"I will tell you something, Mademoiselle, in this room when I was young I dressed Fanchon for her first appearance in the role you play tonight."

THE Baron Henri de Treville was very well known in Paris. Strangers seeing him for the first time wondered who this tall old man with white hair, and the thin aristocratic face might be.

His youth had been spent in the days of the Second Empire. He had fought in the disastrous war which ended that epoch. Why M. de Treville had never married not even his few remaining contemporaries knew. [illegible] they spoke to one another vaguely of an old story [illegible] him with the name of a once famous actress long since dead and [illegible] forgotten. If the Baron overheard these rumors he ignored them, and kept his own counsel.

Tonight, in his box at the Folies Gymnase, M. de Treville inspected the crowded theatre through his glasses.

"All Paris is here," he [illegible] to a fair, good-looking young man at his side. He studied the program. "I see that your friend, Suzanne Dalbret, is to play the title role, Jules."

The other reddened boyishly.

"It is her first real chance," he said.

"Ah, I can remember coming to this theatre for the premiere of this very same operetta. I hope the old piece may have worn as well as I." He paused for a moment. "That night so long ago Fanchon had her first great opportunity. She took it."

"Suzanne will do the same, Monsieur," declared Jules. "All the papers have written lately of Fanchon in connection with this revival. [illegible] Did you know her?"

Henri de Treville glanced sharply at him with his astonishing bright dark eyes.

"Certainly."

"Was she so very beautiful?"

"Fanchon had other qualities besides mere beauty. She was the soul of gaiety and charm. Never one like her since."

Jules smiled indulgently. He thought his companion a fine old boy, but rather a fossil with his tiresome memories and traditions.

"Only wait, Monsieur," he laughed. "Don't be too sure."

The conductor entered the orchestra. He bowed in answer to the round of applause. He raised his baton. The overture began. Henry de Treville's fingers, moving on the ledge of the box, beat time to the well-remembered tunes. They did not seem to have lost their brilliancy. Looking at Jules he wondered what this representative of the jazz age made of them. The young man was listening absorbed, his blue eyes gleaming with excitement.

* * *

There was excitement, too, on the other side of the curtain. M. Bonard, the celebrated proprietor of the Folies Gymnase, like a fat little commander-in-chief reviewing his troops, eyed the frenzied stage manager grouping his chorus. Far above, the electricians were ready at their posts. In the wings stood nervous principals called for the opening scene. Away from all this stir Suzanne Dalbret sat before the flaringly-lit mirrors in her dressing room.

Behind her, a little old woman in a shabby dress and linen apron was fitting a white eighteenth-century wig over the actress's tightly bound gold hair. She pulled a curl here and there into place. With a final pat she moved from side to side, judging the effect of her work.

"Marie! I'm sure it is too low down on my forehead."

"Leave it, Mademoiselle." The old dresser's voice was extraordinarily clear and authoritative. "The wig is perfect. And now your hat."

In a single movement she fixed the velvet tricorne shape jauntily to one side of the white curls.

Suzanne Dalbret leaned forward, peering into the glass. "Yes. You're right. Marie, you wonderful old thing, I don't believe there is anyone so clever as you!"

"Stand up, Mademoiselle." The voluminous wrapper was twitched aside. "No one so clever as I?" repeated old Marie, smoothing the heavy folds of Suzanne's green riding skirt. "You may say that. I will tell you something. In this room when I was young," the weak, boastful voice trembled, "I dressed Fanchon for her first appearance in the role that you play tonight: Son Altesse Imperiale."

"You? You dressed Fanchon?"

"No other." Marie fastened the broad, blue ribbon of a royal order across Suzanne's long brocade waistcoat. She touched the lace ruffles at the wrists of her gold-embroidered coat lightly. "Voila!" she said.

The sound of running footsteps was heard running down the corridor outside.

"Curtain up!" shouted the call boy.

Suzanne Dalbret, trailing restlessly up and down the room, started.

"I'm so nervous," she muttered. "Terrified!"

With obvious effort the old woman dragged forward a chair.

"Sit you down there and keep quiet," she ordered. "You have fully twenty minutes yet."

Suddenly she clutched at her heart. The girl, feverishly humming to herself the air of her entrance [illegible] a table, Marie took up a decanter. She [illegible] brandy into a glass and drank. The faint color returned to her livid cheeks. She filled the tumbler again.

"Mademoiselle!"

Suzanne Dalbret turned.

"See!" cried Marie, holding the glass above her head. "I drink to you—to your success just as I did to the great Fanchon so many years ago. But her cognac was even finer than yours, Mademoiselle. M. le Baron de Treville sent her that." She sank down in a tottering courtesy. The girl watched her, amused and fascinated. The sweeping gesture with which the clever old creature had raised her glass, the upward turn of her mischievous black eyes, even the senile courtesy, were each inimitable; but witch-like, macabre.

Suzanne Dalbret shivered uncomfortably, as if a gust of icy wind had passed through the room.

"Thank you, Marie. But I have heard enough of Fanchon," she said impatiently. "Her day is over. It is mine now." The dresser came to her side. She frowned into Suzanne's pretty coquettish face.

"Let us hope so," she answered, shrugging her lean shoulders. "Who knows?"

"You croak like an old raven. As for Fanchon, I begin to hate...yes!...to hate," emphasized the girl, "her very name."

"Mademoiselle!" the old woman drew herself up regally. "You are the first one to say that. Go on to the stage with such rancor in your heart and you fail. I who speak to you know it."

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Marie."

"You hurt yourself, not me. Fanchon loved life. She loved her fellow creatures. That was the great secret of her success. But most of all she loved her public. Paris." Marie spread out her arms, [illegible] her adoration. "Mademoiselle, I knew Fanchon. I gave you her secret. Use it. By midnight your day will have dawned."

There was a knock at the door.

"Mademoiselle Dalbret!"

"Listen! You are called." As Suzanne passed her, the dresser caught her hand. "Will you permit a poor old woman to kiss you?" she asked.

"I will indeed."

"You must bend your head. I am small." Suzanne Dalbret felt her cheek touched twice by cold lips. "This is for you," said Marie. "That . . you will please give to your public. Both my kisses signify love. You have it in your heart now. It cannot fail you."

"Mademoiselle Dalbret!"

"There, go. Bonne chance!"

* * *

The last interval was nearly over. M. de Treville, left alone in his box, felt very old and sad. This place was haunted for him by ghosts of his youth, by its most alluring memory.

He seemed to hear the echo of Fanchon's ringing laughter. He thought wistfully of her brilliant personality and thousand quaint, lovable ways. He remembered how improvident and reckless she had been, but, also, how generous and warm-hearted to the poor and suffering in her brief, meteoric career.

The door of the box opened. As Jules entered, M. de Treville resolutely forced a smile to his tired face. The young man came forward eagerly.

"Monsieur! Will you do something very kind?"

"Surely; if I can."

"Suzanne Dalbret would be so proud, so honored, if I may present her to you at the end of the performance."

The old Baron groaned inwardly, but a gay voice seemed to plead with him. "Of course you will meet her," it said. "I ask it of you, Henri."

"Certainly, my dear boy," he answered. "Mademoiselle Dalbret is voted a decided success. I have been in the foyer. I look forward to hearing her song in this final act. It is very difficult. So much depends as to whether she can make a real effect with it."

In Suzanne Dalbret's dressing room Marie was holding [illegible] on the same topic.

"Yes, yes. You have done well," she cried. "But now comes the great test; your song. At its close, why do you leave the stage so quickly? I have watched you at rehearsals."

"Bonard made me."

"Bah! What does he know? I will show you what to do. Attend to me, Mademoiselle. Here is the last phrase of your song. 'J'ai tout perdu'," sang Marie in a high, quavering voice, "'mon reve, et mon amour.'"

Listening, Suzette could hear in the words an abandonment of regret which she had only faintly suggested in her own rendering. As the last note died away the old woman's extended arms dropped heavily down to her side. She stood motionless, gazing before her, with tragedy written on every line of her face.

"I am thinking of all that I have lost," Marie explained. "My dream is over. The man that I love has gone. I am not Bonard's mechanical doll; I am a broken-hearted woman. The audience grieve for me. I exit...watch, Mademoiselle...slowly...thus. Sorrow has leaden feet." She clapped her hands sharply. "Now! Let me see if you have learned your lesson."

Suzanne Dalbret obeyed. Repeating the end of her song, she copied the old woman's interpretation exactly, both in sentiment and gesture.

"Bravo! There is your affair, ma petite. Do not forget."

"Marie! You're a wonderful artist!"

"A wonderful artist? I? Oh, la la. Then Papa Bonard must give me a part, decidedly."

The girl looked at her curiously.

"How can you know all this?" she asked.

"I do but imitate genius, Mademoiselle. Franchon's genius."

Summoned by the inexorable call boy, Suzanne hurried back to the stage.

When Marie was alone, the spark of vitality, fed by her recent excitement, flicked and died out. A sudden stab of pain pierced her heart. Well, the good cognac would ease that. She finished the remainder of the decanter in one draught. The fiery stuff scorched her throat, but as its fumes mounted to her brain, the agony was lulled. Sitting down at the dressing table she stared at herself in the triple mirrors. They repeated, in three aspects, three pictures of her ghastly face.

"Old hag," she exclaimed angrily. "Who are you?"

Suddenly, with a sure, rapid touch, Marie [illegible] the hollows in her cheeks. She darkened her eyes. She [illegible] her lips.

"Eh! You are young again!" she chuckled.

A distant thunder of applause broke the silence of the room. Marie swayed to her feet.

"They are calling," she muttered [illegible]. "You keep the stage waiting."

Tearing aside a curtain she brought out Suzanne's green and scarlet costume of the first act.

"'J'ai tout perdu'," sang Marie, as she fitted the white wig over her thin hair, "'mon reve, et mon amour.'"

* * *

"Mademoiselle! You say it was your maid who taught you how to end that song?"

Suzanne Dalbret, happy and triumphant, smiled at the Baron de Treville.

"Yes. It was old Marie. She knew Fanchon. What is it, Monsieur?" She stretched out her hand to him. "Are you ill?"

"I am—I am only much interested. Please go on."

"It appears that besides dressing my hair herself tonight, Marie also dressed my great predecessor on that other famous night. You were here. Jules has just told me. He said that you had known Fanchon."

"I—yes—I knew her." The effort to control his [illegible] agitation was almost beyond his strength. "I should like to see this maid of yours."

"Nothing easier, Monsieur, if you will come to my dressing room."

Suzanne looked across the stage, dismantled now of its scenery and properties.

"Jules!" she called.

Freeing himself from the merry, excited group about him, the young man came to her.

"[illegible]," she said laughingly, filling his arms with bouquets [illegible] utes to her success. "Tell Marie to open some champagne. Quickly, Jules! M. de Treville and I are coming at once."

As he disappeared the Baron turned to follow him.

"One moment, Monsieur." Her face grew serious. "Will you please hold these white roses for me?" The old man took them from her hand. "Tomorrow," faltered Suzzane, "I wondered if you would lay these flowers with my love and gratitude on Franchon's grave?"

"My child, that is impossible."

"Oh, Monsieur, I had set my heart —"

"Because ... neither I nor anyone know where her grave is," he told her gently. "That is a mystery of the stage long ago passed into legend. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War she was the idol of Paris. At its tragic close...Franchon had gone. I never found her."

"That is terrible. I did not know."

"Do not grieve for her, Mademoiselle. Fanchon's brilliant youth was never the way to age. She gave too much."

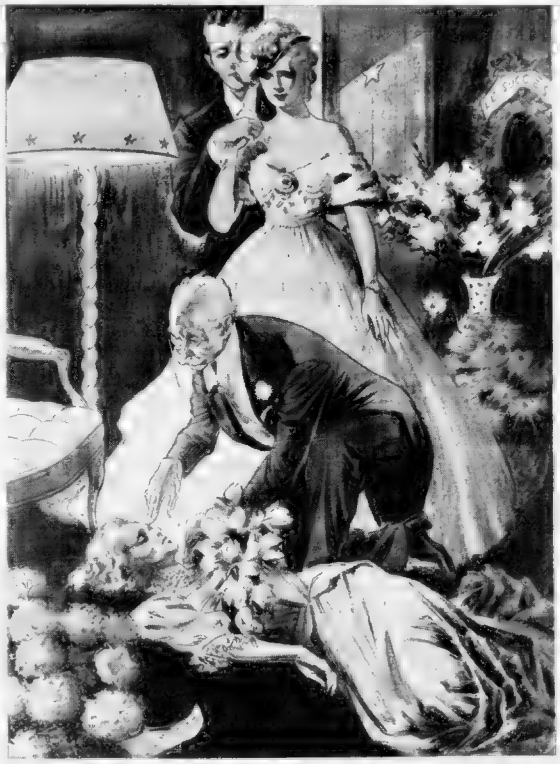
They had turned into the long corridor. At its far end Jules was standing at the closed door of Suzanne's dressing room. As they came towards him he held up his hand. A shrill peal of laughter rang out. It was silvery, thin, high, elfin—like the faint echo of laughter that had once been compellingly sweet and irresistible.

The Baron's face paled. Jerking open the door, he entered the room. Suzanne, her hand clasped in her lover's, waited on the threshold. Before her stood a grim, apish creature. The lights blazed on the green and scarlet costume hanging loosely on Marie's wasted limbs. As the old man approached her, a flash of joyful recognition crossed the wizened painted face, lending it, for one brief moment, the illusion of youth.

"Henri!" she gasped. "I am ready. It is so long since —" The words died in her throat with a rattle. Stumbling towards him, she tripped over the long skirts and fell at the old man's feet, a tiny, crumpled heap, tricked out in gaudy color like the plumage of some tropical bird. With one long, trembling sigh, she lay still. Suzanne Dalbret crept to the Baron's side.

"You have found her at last?" she whispered.

But M. de Treville did not answer. Kneeling, he closed the wrinkled eyelids. He made the sign of the cross over the dead face, already so peaceful. Suzanne's white roses dropped from his nerveless fingers. They strewed the body of the little old woman with their petals.



Baron de Treville Kneeled and Closed the Wrinkled Eyelids. Suzanne's White Roses Dropped from His Nerveless Fingers. They Strewed the Body of the Little Old Woman with Their Petals.

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Mr. Chase's "Pagan Wedding"

Curious Marriage Ceremonial in the Forest Wilderness Where Each Guest Brought a Raw Carrot, and Bride and Groom Made No Promises to Obey Anyone or Anything

The Bridal Tent Where Mr. and Mrs. Waldo S. Chase Are Spending Their Honeymoon in the Depths of the Forest in Washington.

Waldo S. Chase and His Bride Eating a "Symbolic Supper" of Raw Carrots, Raw Wheat and Honey After Their Pagan Wedding.

Miss Audrey Baker, Who Accommodated Her Sister by Marrying Her Sweetheart by Proxy Because Sister Nedra Was Busy That Day.

Miss Winifred Morse, Who Was the Bride of Mr. Morrow at His Self-Performed "Wedding," and Her Little Daughter, Marjorie.

"WHY obey anyone?" asks Artist Waldo S. Chase.

In civilization there are plenty of answers, besides the policeman Therefore to escape obeying God or man, Mr. Chase well known for his woodblock prints has retreated to a ent in the wilderness of the Olympic ountains of Washington As usual, herever a man goes he can find some man to go with him In this case as Helen Chard Engell of Olympia, ish writer and raw-food-cult en siast

ust before entering the freedom of big timber, they weakened and yed one law of convention, permit g themselves to be legally married Justice of the Peace C. M Pixley Union the last outpost of comfort and orderly life. It was done ler the 'free open sky," but never less they both had to make promises h were 'toadying to authority"

In order to show that this was a ere gesture to appease slaves of ization' and did not mean anything them, they held a Pagan ceremony which the pair performed the serv themselves without benefit of rgy law or anything else

At midnight some twenty weary and ndering guests from Union who had owed a guide from the nearest road, two miles of mountainside, looked

The ceremonial began with the hting of a fire by Barbara Pixley, ghter of the justice who had per med the irksome legal ceremony ing only five years old, the child ymbolized innocence and ignorance of man and his submissiveness to laws and customs To little Barbara it symbolized freedom from parental tyranny which would have put her to bed many hours before

As the fire blazed up the guests were directed to lay their "sacrifices" before but not on the fire These consisted of one raw carrot each, which their invitations had told them to bring. Had they been placed in the fire it would have cooked them and anything cooked is an abomination to the bride. This act was supposed to be a "Pagan sacrifice," but even the Pagans submitted to some sort of a deity. In this sacrifice not even a Pagan god could be worshipped because that would be giving away some freedom. Apparently it was in honor of the principle of anarchy and general defiance of everybody

In the firelight the bridegroom, dressed in an outing suit and an Indian blanket, unfortunately made by "slaves of civilization" in a factory instead of the free forest and under orders from a foreman, faced his bride. She wore white organdy and a scarf, which was more fitting because the dress had at least been made by her own free hands, even if the materials and needle were turned out by "wage-slaves."

Obviously in this perfect freedom, there could be no promise to obey, in fact there could be no promise at all because such things would tend to put them under subjection to each other. The bridegroom made no mention of endowing the bride with all his worldly goods because they both consider worldly goods to be "soul-cramping fetters" which would be only a cruelty to impose on anyone, though wives seeking alimony evidently don't know it Instead of promises, husband and wife stood and made assertions and prophecies to the effect that each loved the other and had every expectation of being true to each other for life, or at least indefinitely.

The couple then solemnly ate a wedding feast, out of the same bowl and prepared by the bride. It consisted of raw carrots pounded raw wheat and honey. The bridegroom then recited some poems he had written in free verse of which the following is a sample:

"WHAT IS THIS FROTH?

"Last stroke of night
That marks the coming day?
They—so sure of themselves—
Toss to the wind all thought,
And away with caution

"Drink, drink, and be a man'
Be popular, babble, and slobber,
Caper about, kick up heels
Drive blind, go—go hell bent

"Howling, screaming at their own jibes,
Rolling in their vomit, heroic devotion,
Prayers to the great god dung'
Long may he live! Most emulated!
Priest, SUPREME'

"What is this hilarity?
Satanic carousal of skeletons
Biding their time,
Empty forms
As the last fitful spasm
New life unchains -?"

The guests felt sure that the verses must have a meaning, but if so, it escaped them and they did not like to ask. After the recital, all joined in singing outdoor songs, including "Trees," "Clouds," and "By the Waters of Minnetonka."

Before dismissing his guests, Artist Chase expounded his philosophy of life, beginning by asking why they should obey anyone? There being no answer, he continued:

"What is their superiority based on but an illusion of superiority which does not actually exist? We are all the same fundamentally all human beings, and all subject to the same laws of life There is only one reason why we obey, why we join anything, why we humble our own judgment, and follow like sheep; and that is fear, which is another word for uncertainty."

He urged his hearers to throw off the hampering customs that kept them slaves to tradition and convention

"By understanding the meaning of your hopes and fears and being alive to them always in the present, you are dissolving the cause of fear, and hence of following any authority outside of yourself

"By intelligent rebellion you will throw away your crutches and develop your own strength. Thus you will discover hidden resources and faculties that have been suppressed by this dull following of a leader. How can you know your strength if you never stand alone on your own feet? When you are ready, the guide will lead you to the highway."

Off the guests went, carrying the sleeping Barbara and glad enough to acknowledge the superiority of the guide. At length they got to the road which the free-lifers call "a scar on the fair face of Nature," into cars which this emancipated pair regard as "unnecessary evils," and back to their 'misguided civilized lives."

It was noted that during the ceremony though the bride, who is about twenty-five years old and had been married before, accepted her husband's philosophy completely, Mr. Chase, who is thirty-eight but has never been married, said nothing of eating only raw things. Asked about this, he replied

No; I like to cook something once in a while. For instance, I make my own flour and bake my own bread, which costs me only two cents a loaf Mrs. Chase knows this and doesn't mind. You see, we are both free and not even subject to each other Naturally we will cooperate and help each other, which is all that is necessary"

When Winter comes they will leave their tent for a small cabin warmed by a fireplace, but with as few other "softening luxuries of an effete civilization" as possible. Asked if they would subject their children to parental authority, the pair replied that they live in the present and that was a problem of the future, but that children should be allowed to express themselves unhampered.

There were no lawns or flower beds to keep off, and if they destroyed some living form of Nature, what harm? It would soon be replaced In case the young anarchist should express himself by setting fire to the cabin he might have to be rather firmly attracted to some other form of self-expression"

The last view the departing guests had of this strange couple showed them sitting on a tree stump, wrapped in a single blanket awaiting the dawn, while the embers of their cleansing fire grew dim

This is the latest of a long series of efforts by modern couples seemingly to get into the holy estate of matrimony in manners as grotesque and undignified as they can invent Couples have induced ministers and others to unite them in airplanes above the clouds, at the bottoms of mines, while swimming around in bathing suits, and other crazy ways, apparently determined to show that they consider marriage a joke

Perhaps the height of indifference was exhibited by Ernest T Sherry 2nd, nephew of Louis Sherry, New York's famous restaurateur his fiancee, Miss Nedra Baker, pretty clothing model, and her even prettier sister Audrey night club entertainer Sherry bought tickets and a stateroom on the night train for Montreal, and then telephoned Nedra that she was to be ready to marry him that afternoon before the bureau closed at City Hall

Nedra said she was busy, and couldn't get away till 6 P. M. without being docked half of her last day's pay, so he would have to think of some other plan. He could and he did, asking Audrey, who would not be busy till evening, to do that little errand for her sister Nedra. All she had to do was impersonate Nedra, give the right answers, sign anything that was required to get the license, and then stand beside him at the ceremony to be married as a proxy for Nedra What difference would it make?

Apparently none at all. The officials at City Hall had no way of knowing what was being put over on them, and when Nedra quit, with a full day's pay in her stocking, there was Ernest with perfectly good documentary evidence that she not Audrey was his wife It seemed like a good idea at the time and they went cheerfully away on their honeymoon Later when Nedra grew tired of Ernest she happened to mention to her astonished lawyer that she had not been present at her own wedding, and the lawyer told it to an astonished judge by way of getting an annulment. Nedra still thought it a good idea because it let her out more easily and quickly than would a divorce in New York State

Samuel H. Morrow eminent Colorado lawyer and politician, performed his own wedding ceremony on somewhat simpler lines than those of Artist Chase and his non-cooking spouse He simply called into the living room one day the two young daughters of Mrs Winifred Morse, and said briskly

"Girls, I have a wedding ring for your mother—see! We have been—er—living together for some time, and it er—doesn't look right. To have a marriage ceremony performed at this late date would only cause comment and hurt me politically. But I am now taking your mother for my lawful wedded wife, and she is taking me for her lawful, wedded husband So that settles everything

The three women seem to have thought it good enough until Mr Morrow left them changed his name, married another woman, who left him a fortune, and then he died, leaving a beautiful legal tangle for living lawyers to work on

Charles L. Pearson, Jr., and Ida Swinamer entertained a crowd on one of the Atlantic City piers by bobbing around in bathing suits and life-preservers, while a minister on the stern of a motorboat read the marriage service to them. The chief interest among the spectators was whether the bridegroom would drop the wedding ring and have to swim down to the bottom for it or not. He didn't, and explained afterward that he had kept it in his mouth until he needed it

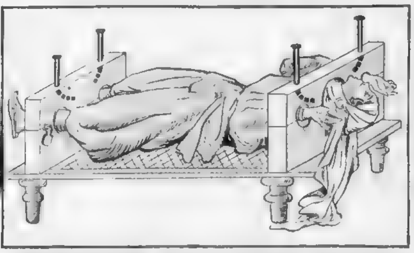
E Haldeman-Julius, socialist publisher, stirred up a lot of publicity from the companionate marriage of his daughter Josephine to Aubrey Roselle First, the public got the impression that she was his regular daughter in wedlock, then that she was a love-child who had appeared a few years before the publisher got around to marrying her mother, and finally, that she was the adopted child of a poor coal miner. Josephine did not seem to care what was said as long as they kept on saying it, because the publicity got her a job in vaudeville

The companionate marriage turned out to be a success, for at last reports Josephine and Aubrey were living happily together in Chicago, after seven years of trial matrimony.

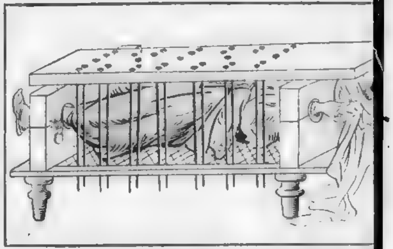
Secrets of the Mag

Interesting Revelations by Goldston, Foun
Magicians' Club, Explaining How Many Fa
Illusions Were Performed Which Puzz

A Powerful Electric Drill Is Applied to the Back of the Assistant and Apparently Drills a Hole Clean Through the Body. Goldin, the Magician, Then Passes His Arm Through the Man's Body From the Back—A Very Effective Illusion.



Having Locked the Victim in Frames, the Magician Then Appears to Drive Large Spikes Through Her Arms and Legs. But These Nails Are Diverted Into Metal-Lined Grooves, as Shown by the Dotted Lines in the Picture.



A Frame Is Then Laid Over the Victim, and Long Darts or Na Driven Around and Through Her Body, Apparently. The Nails in th ter of the Frame Are Trick Nails, Constructed Like a Pocket Te With Sections Which Slide Inside Each Other.

Chung Ling Soo, the "Chinese Magician," and His Troupe—All Natural Born English.

Ada Zancig, the Second Wife of the "Psychic."

The Famous Bird-Cage Tric

By WILL GOLDSTON,

Of the Magicians' Club of London, the Famous Inventor of Illusionist and Magical Paraphernalia.

(Continued from Last Sunday).

CARL HERTZ will always be remembered for his trick known as the Vanishing Bird-cage. At one time he claimed to be the originator of this trick. I went to some pains to prove to him and to the world that de Kolta, who produced the amazing Expanding Die illusion, was the inventor of the Vanishing Bird-cage. To Carl's credit, he never bore me any ill will over that matter and, after I had helped him through an exacting performance before a select committee of the British House of Commons, he declared I was the best friend he ever had.

Hertz was a peculiar man, a sort of overgrown schoolboy in his ostentation and self-advertisement, yet possessing a remarkably acute and perceptive brain in business matters. He was one of the first men to appreciate the possibilities of the motion picture. He incorporated a projector in his programs, and his exhibition was the first large-scale film show to be seen in Australia. In Colombo, as no theatre suitable for films was available for him, he had one constructed of wood by native workmen and, after playing in it for six weeks, cleared up a small fortune. The cost of constructing and demolishing the theatre was less than $10.

Those who did not know Hertz personally may find it difficult to believe that he was a poor magician. Yet, that is the truth—in spite of the fact that he made well over $1,000,000 from magic. He never compared with such experts as Houdini, Lafayette and Maskelyne. He was, of course, a wonderful showman and performed his two best tricks

The Bird-cage and the Vanishing Lady—most expertly. He spent many, many months practicing these—both of which, incidentally, he "borrowed" from de Kolta.

Success came to him too easily. He believed it was possible to imitate other magicians and, by his superior powers of showmanship, establish an ascendency over them. This policy was certainly effective in the case of de Kolta and similar illusionists of the old school. But it failed completely with the arrival of Houdini and Goldin in the early part of the present century. When Hertz attempted to imitate Goldin's performance at the Palace Theatre, London, in 1902, he made the greatest mistake of his career. He lost the respect of the public and the profession, and within a year he was appearing at second-rate music halls throughout Europe. Only the Vanishing Bird-cage enabled him to keep going, and not long before his death a queer streak of luck brought about a temporary revival in his fortunes in Britain.

A bill was being passed through the British Parliament to restrict the appearance of animals in public performances. Part of the propaganda that had resulted in the introduction of the bill in the House of Commons had been a public attack on Hertz and his Vanishing Bird-cage. An official of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals declared that the canaries used in the trick were often maimed and sometimes killed.

Now this statement was perfectly correct, although Carl had no alternative but to deny it. As a matter of fact, the lightning vanish was effected by a mechanical collapse of the cage between the performer's fingers, and it was largely a question of luck whether the bird in the cage was uninjured or not.

A select committee was appointed to debate the provisions of the bill and to advise Parliament of its findings. Before the committee, the official of the S. P. C. A. demonstrated the Bird-cage trick and, inadvertently, liberated the canary. As a result of that demonstration, Hertz was invited to appear before the experts with his own apparatus. He came to me in a great fluster one morning, flourishing the letter he had received.

"What am I to do?" he cried. "If I refuse, they'll guess the truth. If I go down to Parliament and injure the bird it'll be the absolute end of me."

I agreed that it was a ticklish situation. After some discussion, I advised him to put on a bold face and accept. I told him I thought I could make him a cage that would not crush the bird in any way. He was anxious to know how this could be done. I sent him out there and then to purchase two lady's hair nets and a length of fishing line. With these and some thin strips of bamboo I made a cage that, when collapsed, enveloped the bird in the nets and so protected it.

As luck would have it, we had a few days in which to develop a good publicity campaign. Carl interviewed reporters and openly scoffed at the S. P. C. A. demonstration of his trick. He said he used an entirely different method from de Kolta, though this, of course, was untrue. In every essential he used de Kolta's method, but the latter employed a round cage and Hertz a square one. He made the most of this single point as though it were all the difference between cruelty and kindness.

As a result of all this, his name was on everyone's tongue, and his confidence grew. But when the fateful day arrived he was as nervous as a child. "If it fails," he kept repeating, "I'm finished." I told him it would not fail, and I was quite positive that it would not if only he could keep his head.

I went down to see him perform the trick before the committee. His marvelous self-control in those few anxious moments when he held my cage between his fingers was a revelation even to me. A flash—and the cage was gone; a few seconds, and the canary was produced from his pocket, quite uninjured and perkily interested in its surroundings.

This is how the trick was done: The magician, standing in the center of the stage and as close to the footlights as possible (if the "run-down" was in the center he would stand on that), held a small cage between his two hands. A live canary was in the cage. The performer would give one or two upward movements with his hands. The cage had vanished! He would then go to the wings for a moment and bring back a live canary to show that the bird had not been injured by the performance.

The cage was collapsible. Slight pressure on two corners, diagonally opposite, caused it to assume the shape of a diamond. Attached to one corner of the cage was a strong cord which passed up under the performer's shirt sleeve, across his back, and was fastened on to his other arm. The length of the cord was so adjusted that he could just manage to hold the cage between his two hands when his arms were bent, but directly he extended his arms out straight the cord carried the collapsed cage up his sleeve.

Although Carl Hertz had his shirts and coats made with very large sleeves, and although he took the precaution of having most of the "wires" of the cage made of thin strands of rubber, it is to be feared that many a canary suffered through this trick. When that happened, the bird which Hertz afterwards brought on the stage was not the one which the audience had seen in the cage. There were times, of course, when the bird, being in the center of the "diamond" when the cage collapsed, was not injured in any way, but often it was killed or sadly mutilated, although this was a fact which Hertz stoutly denied.

The public of today would not tolerate the performance of a trick which might involve cruelty to a bird, and when this trick is now presented, the bird in the cage is always a dummy. The trick is equally effective.

As the cage was always concealed under the magician's shirt sleeve after it had vanished from his hands, Carl Hertz was able to remove his coat, and thus seem to prove to the audience that the cage had not been slipped up his sleeve and, certainly, it had not been slipped up his coat sleeve. Anyone who cares to experiment with a piece of string tied to his left arm will see how quickly anything tied to the other end can be drawn out of sight; it is impossible for the eye to follow the movement.

Subsequently, Ca something of a "c in the halls, thoug slipped too far even be a topliner.

Hertz was one of generous men I ever this connection I re not long before the of the great war, crossing from Ne to Southampton to number of contract secured in England. of sharpers, attr doubt by Carl's diamonds, inveigled him i game. Seeing that he was being sha manipulated the cards himself, and at th the evening he was $2,500 to the good.

His identity was at length disclosed the sharpers threatened trouble unless th were returned. Quite unperturbed, Carl invi man to his cabin "to collect the money." The instead to the captain's office. The outcom that three dangerous sharpers were blacklist the shipping company's books, and whe landed, Carl sent a check for exactly $2,5 the Seamen's Orphanage. During his life Hertz must have given away something in neighborhood of $200,000, quite apart from $500,000 he lost in gambling ventures.

A magician quite as generous, though ra more prudent in his investments, was Chung Soo. Soo's rise to fame in magic reads almost a story from the pen of Grimm or Hans Ander In spite of his stage name and the elabo Chinese settings of his performances, he was a ally an Englishman named William Ellsw Robinson.

Although he was a magician, inventor a magical mechanic of the highest class, he co pletely lacked the ability to chatter along duri his act. Because of this, he was a failure as "straight" magician, both in America and Euro Disappointed, he returned to New York, where opened a second-hand bookshop. It seems to ha occurred to him quite suddenly that he might, p haps, succeed with a silent act where he had fail before. Accordingly, he built up an act on Chine lines, called himself Chung Ling Soo, and w fortunate enough to obtain a week's trial booki at a Berlin theatre.

On the first night, disaster overtook him. the midst of a trick, a bowl of goldfish fell fr its hiding place beneath his gown and smashed

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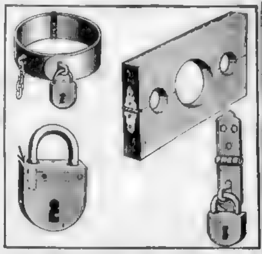
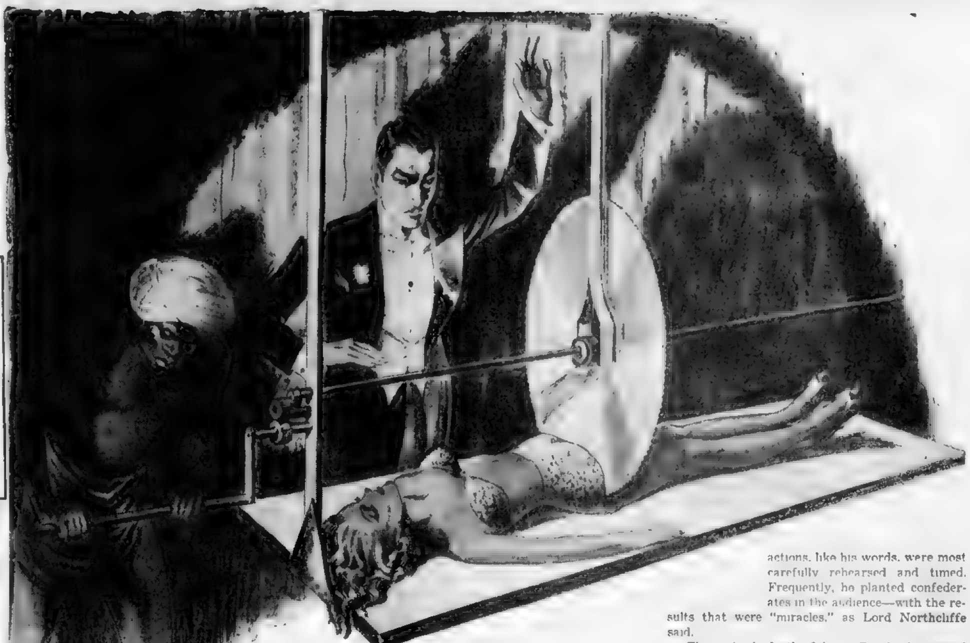
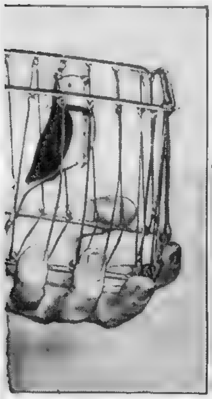


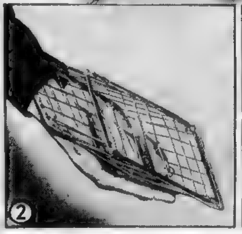
How the Various Trick Locks and Hinges Are Made With Movable Pivots, Pins and Concealed Springs, Which Enable the Magician to Open Them.



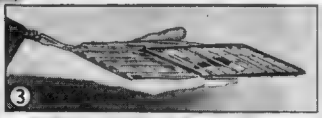
Right in Front of Their Eyes the Audience Seem to See a Young Woman Sawed in Two, as She Lies Stretched Out on a Plank. This Is an Effective Illusion Performed by the Magician Horace Goldin.



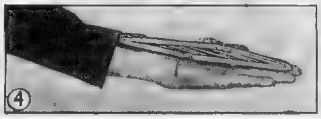
gician Holds the Bird-cage in His Hand
Audience to See. It Has Hinges at
ties, and a String From One Corner
Up His Sleeve, Across to His Other
and Is Tied to His Other Wrist.



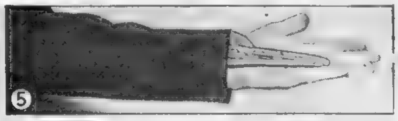
2—Under Pressure From His Hand, the Bird-cage Suddenly Collapses, and in a Flash Has Vanished.



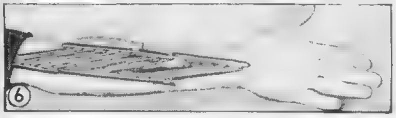
3—Showing How the Corner of the Cage Is Attached to the Cord in His Sleeve.



4—The Cage Is Flattened Out in His Hand.



5—As He Extends His Arms It Begins to Draw Up Out of Sight in His Sleeve



6—Sleeve Rolled Up, Showing Position of the Bird-cage After It Has Disappeared.

the stage. The curtain was rung down. Soo was desperate and threatened suicide—this was his second failure. In his dressing room his manager found him beating his head on the iron heating pipes. When he had calmed down he somewhat reluctantly agreed to go to England and try his luck there.

At first, he did not set the Thames on fire, as Englishmen say. Then he put over one of the most audacious pieces of bluff that has ever been perpetrated on the public. There was in London a magician named Chung Ling Foo (the similarity of name may or may not have been coincidence) who claimed to be the only genuine Chinese magician in the world. How far this claim was justi-d I do not know, though there is no doubt that ung Ling Foo was a genuine Chinese.

William E. Robinson (Chung Ling Soo) issued a challenge to Chung Ling Foo, defying him to prove his nationality, failing which he was an impostor and a fraud. If Foo had taken up this challenge, probably nothing more would have been heard of Chung Ling Soo (who, incidentally, was claiming to be a genuine Chinese). As it happened, Foo showed no interest. He drifted through his remaining contracts and left the country, to be speedily forgotten.

Meanwhile, Soo made the most of his chances. His challenge had given him fine publicity, and he followed it up with some dazzling displays of magic that made his name famous throughout the world. For twenty years afterwards, he was one of the biggest magical attractions that ever came to England, his salary throughout the period averaging about $2,500 a week.

Soo's death was a tragedy. In performing a trick called Catching the Bullets, at the Wood Green Empire, London, in March, 1918, he was shot in full view of the audience and died almost immediately.

At the subsequent inquest a verdict of accidental death was returned. On the face of it, the shooting was a pure accident, yet there were certain features of Soo's death that make one wonder if he had not deliberately planned the whole affair for his suicide.

Fantastic, perhaps! Yet, the day before he was killed, Soo was a worried man. He came into my office to clear up certain business matters which were in no way urgent. Again, before his last performance, Soo was seen to be handling the rifle used in the trick and, afterwards, the rifle was found to be tampered with. Departing from his usual custom, Soo loaded that rifle himself instead of leaving it to an assistant.

One more point, Soo was supposed to catch the bullets on a plate held in front of his chest. Yet, the bullet which killed him never shattered the plate, which it must have done had he held it in its usual position. Why?

The Catching the Bullets trick does not appear very startling, but in the hands of a good showman it is a sensation. An assistant hands real cartridges to the audience on a plate. This plate has a false bottom containing dummies and, on returning to the stage, the assistant exchanges the dummies for the live cartridges. He loads these dummies into a rifle and fires them at the performer, who appears to catch them on a plate held in front of his chest. This plate also has a false bottom and, when the rifle is fired, the performer releases bullets on to the surface of the plate, thereby appearing to catch those fired from the rifle—simple when you know the trick, but very puzzling if you don't.

Little more than a quarter of a century ago, Horace Goldin, the magician, was strolling along a back street of Coney Island. His attention was drawn to a tent bearing the name Julius Zancig. Apparently, this Zancig, who appeared to be a palmist of sorts, was having difficulty in collecting an audience. Presently, he stepped outside the tent and, with a lady assistant, proceeded to give an exhibition of thought transference free of charge.

Goldin watched and, eventually, followed the dapper little Zancig inside the tent. The subsequent exhibition of palmistry was poor stuff and scarcely interested him. Yet, he was excited, for he knew he had made a discovery. The thought transference performance, designed merely to collect a crowd, was the finest he had ever witnessed.

He spoke to Zancig, and said he would be pleased to help him in any way he could. He would mention his name to Hammerstein, the vaudeville magnate of the United States at that time. Zancig smiled at that. He was just managing to knock out twenty-five bucks a week, and was certain Hammerstein wouldn't look at him. He was right, Hammerstein did not see him but, on Goldin's recommendation, he offered Zancig a fortnight's engagement at the famous Roof Garden for the well-nigh incredible salary of $65 a week.

Zancig was anxious to do well at the Roof Garden. He knew that Goldin had given him a great opportunity. Perhaps he was too anxious. The first night he was a complete failure. On the second night he likewise flopped. He was certain now that Hammerstein would cancel his contract, but, by sheer good luck, there was no other turn suitable to replace him in the program.

As it was, he was still due to perform—but he was right at the bottom of the bill. When, on the third night, he appeared on the stage most of the audience had gone, for it was nearing midnight Somebody shouted to him, "Speak up, you!" He called back, "Would you mind coming a little closer, please?"

The long and short of it was that Zancig, with his wife and assistant, Agnes, occupied the stage for an hour and a quarter that night. Such audience as there was simply would not let them go. Hammerstein was amazed when Zancig said to him:

"You see, we are 'close' workers—we need the audience packed in around us. And it is really very much better for us to be last on the bill, because when our time comes most of the traffic and street noises have stopped and people can hear what I'm saying."

So the Zancigs remained last on the Roof Garden bill, and the audience no longer departed before they came on. Hammerstein extended their contract for the whole of the Summer season at an increased salary. When the Autumn came their names were known throughout the United States, they were offered—and accepted—a vaudeville contract for several months at a guaranteed salary of $500 a week.

Those who saw the Zancigs at work might be justly forgiven for believing they were possessed of genuine psychic powers. That is what the late Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of the "Daily Mail," believed when he saw them at the Alhambra Theatre, London.

"This is no trickery," he exclaimed. "It is miracle working." But he was wrong, as Zancig himself admitted.

The apparent thought transference was worked by means of an ingenious and very complicated code of questioning.

"What have I here?" Julius would ask, casually Yet, his words were carefully timed and chosen, and Agnes immediately knew the answer

I once privately tested the Zancigs in my London office. Agnes sat in a chair with her back to Julius and myself. I wrote a simple and very common Hebrew word on a sheet of paper and asked to be told what it was. Julius took one look at it, smiled, and handed it back.

"I can't do it," he said.

Nevertheless, in their public performances the Zancigs were prepared for all emergencies. If Julius was handed an article which he could not accurately convey to Agnes, he would pass on quickly to other members of the audience. His actions, like his words, were most carefully rehearsed and timed. Frequently, he planted confederates in the audience—with the results that were "miracles," as Lord Northcliffe said.

The untimely death of Agnes Zancig threatened to destroy the act. I remember Julius writing me a long eulogy of his wife at the time, and speaking of his retirement from public life. Some time afterwards, however, he married again, and his second wife, Ada, proved an apt and willing pupil.

It is true, I think, that the second partnership never quite attained the same proficiency and accuracy as the first. None the less, there existed between Julius and Ada Zancig a love, a sympathy and understanding that enabled them in their work together to reach a very considerable degree of expertness. Julius always spoke of Ada in the warmest terms—and she had an intense respect and loyalty to the memory of his first wife, Agnes. After the death of Julius in 1929, in a letter to me, she wrote: "His wife, Agnes, must have been glad to wel[illegible]e him to her side after all the years of separati[illegible]..."

I mention these facts because they had [illegible] definite influence of Julius Zancig's career. Shortly after his second marriage there were rumors that he and Ada were out of sympathy, and that she had made his act third-rate. On the contrary, after a shaky start, her encouragement held him to his purpose and enabled him to achieve a second success when failure seemed imminent.

The return of the Zancigs to Britain started badly. I think, perhaps, that Julius was too anxious to prove he was as good as he had always been. He arranged a press demonstration and, because of one or two minor failings in the show, he received a number of unflattering notices.

"We shan't stop here another week," he said despondently. "After those notices, we shan't get any decent bookings, and I'm certainly not going to take Ada on to the second-class halls."

"Why not give yourself another chance?" I asked. "I'll arrange another demonstration for you at the Magicians' Club."

"Will it work?" he said.

"It might do," I replied. "You've got nothing to lose, anyhow. I'll get all the newspaper men down."

So, another private show was arranged, a show at which 800 guests were present, including representatives of all the leading British newspapers. A few minutes before the Zancigs were due to appear, a young reporter handed Julius a sealed envelope and asked if Ada could repeat the word that was written on a card inside.

Julius took the envelope, examined it, then quickly shot a question at his wife. Without any hesitation, Ada spoke the word. I took the envelope, opened it and withdrew the card.

"Correct," I said.

"Correct," agreed the reporter.

The subsequent stage show was a great success, for that little triumph had restored their confidence. How was it done? There is no harm

(Continued on Page 20).

The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XX.

"You're the Missus!"

REACHING the flat Sascha found her sister Polly ready to go out

Polly was wearing violets and looking her prettiest which did not begin to approach Sascha at her plainest moment but which was more than passable Mama Reynolds had been generous with her children as to looks

Mama glanced up lazily When Sacha looked at her father she did not blame Mama with her faded prettiness for trying to get a few thrills out of a magazine

Mr Carlin called you several times Sascha" said Mama indifferently and went back to her story

He can call," said Sascha

Here" said Art as she passed him Here's Michael Brand's address A fellow who knows him gave it to me Chap he's been seeing through the depression Lost his job A nice fellow, too I think he was in an architect's office

Sascha took the slip of paper and put it in her pocketbook Funny getting Michael Brand's address just when everybody was looking for Barrie Rowann Well she couldn't take it to Barrie now. But maybe Barrie knew it

The telephone rang just as she took off her hat and the pleasant unabashed tones of Mr Carlin spoke to her

'Game's going great baby They're giving a swell feed later on A lot of dancing will be done, too Let me — "

'No," said Sascha firmly and loudly "No, Don Carlin! Doesn't that word mean anything to you?"

Not a thing when you say it," chuckled this amazing young man 'If you'll stop to think of the "

But Sascha hung up, hung up with an unladylike bang

When an ambitious girl has her heart set on a Paul Wellington it is annoying, yes maddening, to have a fellow like Don Carlin step into the picture Don had everything Sascha liked except money and position, the two things she had promised herself

Paul Wellington came back to the office the following day And machinery that had caught and balked and refused to move slid smoothly into place, ran on oiled wheels Archie sullen and reluctant appeared at his desk, and Sascha asked Paul to change the combination of his private safe 'Because I know it, you know. I'd be a lot more comfortable"

And so with Paul's amused promise, that fear was removed. Archie couldn't threaten to ruin her now if she didn't hand over that combination

William Basker stopped Sascha that night as she passed his door

'That girl she is asking for you," he told her "She is lots better, sitting up, walking around. Asking to see you. I'm driving out there tonight for some business at the farm and I could take you, if you can pass up a couple dozen dates, maybe?"

Sascha responded to his broad smile. She liked his cheery ways Something so solid about Basker

'Yes, I'll go with you, if you're coming right back," she told him An evening on the farm would just about kill me"

"Coming right back, yes," chuckled Basker. "Maybe you can help that girl remember '

On the way to the farm later, in the crisp moonlight, joggled about a little in Basker's small coupe, Sascha rather shrank from this remembering business

The girl was sitting, fully dressed, in her room When Sascha went in to her and for a moment Sascha was startled to see how pretty she was

'I wanted to see you and to thank you," said the girl shyly and put out a very thin hand "You saved my life"

Sascha was exceedingly embarrassed. Nobody had ever thanked her before, for the simple reason that there had never been anything to thank her for. But she glowed a little with pride as she shook the girl's hand and smiled at her. She guessed this was a pretty good job!

'Can you remember anything now?" she asked

Sadly the girl shook her head "Not yet. I can't understand it If you knew how dreadful it is not to know who you are, what has happened to you! I may have responsibilities, you know. And I may be all alone. I wanted to see you for so many reasons. I wanted to ask if you found anything on me that—that night to identify me, or if I said anything, that might help?"

"Not a thing,' said Sascha reluctantly

"Well, then, I wanted to ask if there is any work I can do anywhere," went on the girl wistfully "I must, you know. I've cost somebody a lot while I've been sick. You've been paying for me, too. That was fine of you."

"Oh, not much," said Sascha uncomfortably. "Mr. Basker is the one to thank. This is his farm. I guess you could stay and help maybe. We won't let you go out in the world, you know, without anything and not knowing who you are"

The girl pushed back her ash blonde hair. Her eyes did not look vacant in any way. They were as bright as stars on Sascha's pretty face

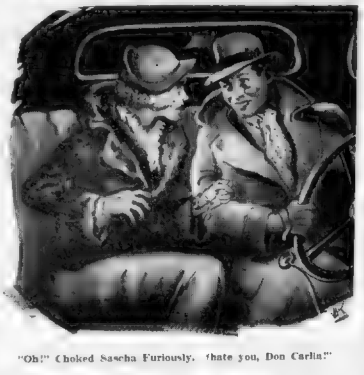
"I knew you wouldn't," she said softly. "I don't know how to thank——"

What she was saying was interrupted by a series of snorts and explosions below on the lane, by a rattle and wheeze which were very familiar to Sascha Rising quickly with an exclamation she ran to the window, dropping her fur jacket, her gloves and her purse on the floor.

The contents of the latter spilled out on the gay rag rug and the girl stooped to pick them up. A change purse, papers of powder, a vanity, fine hairpins, keys, lip-stick, engagement book, handkerchief scented with a faint rapture, a letter or two a paper with the name "Michael Brand" on it and underneath an address'

The girl who stared at this as though she had seen a ghost whose quick mind memorized the address even as she placed it in the flat pocketbook, whose eyes grew brighter still and whose pulses began to pound, was surely not a girl who "could not remember!" Breathing rapidly she sank back in her chair and pressed slim fingers to her lips, looking as though all heaven had tumbled at her feet

"Well, can you tie that!" exploded Sascha turning from the window, scarlet cheeked with anger. "That Basker drove off and left me here! Here on a farm in the country at nine in the evening! I never heard of such a thing! He must be crazy! How dare he leave me out here with no way to get back!"



"Oh!" Choked Sascha Furiously. 'I hate you, Don Carlin!"

The girl did not reply. She was biting her lips and her slight body was trembling. But Sascha did not see Gathering up her belongings she turned for a brief good-night, rage for the moment utterly possessing her

"I'll come to see you again," she promised "In about the next ten minutes if I can't get out of this place! I'll have to phone one of the boys to drive out to get me The idea of the nerve of that! Now don't you worry. Just keep quiet until you get strong and then we'll talk about work"

The girl bent forward breathlessly, questions on her lips, questions which would not have been asked if Sascha had sat there all the evening Sascha however was gone Gone on flying feet down the twisting staircase which creaked along the hall to find one of the Johns and demand an explanation of this insane behavior on the part of William Basker

And at the door she stopped brought up short by the sight of Mr Donald Carlin leaning just inside it, lighting a cigarette from the butt of another, overcoat thrown back and hat on the side of his far too attractive head The headlights of what appeared to be a sizeable car flung radiance on the lane outside

"Hello' ' he greeted Sascha and swept off the hat "I found out where Basker had brought you and hopped out to get you. He's a good guy, baby He knows when to step out of a picture"

There was a moment of pregnant silence, and then Sascha spoke through her white teeth, her head very high

"Donald Carlin, I should think you'd have more pride than to keep chasing after a girl who tells you she doesn't want anything to do with you."

"A smart chap, baby, is not affected by insults or entreaties or kicks when he has made up his mind," said Carlin with a grin

'I've heard the same thing about mules," said Sascha tartly and walked past him to the car with her nose in the air, cuddling her slight body in her jacket.

The sight of the car which was by far the most expensive in which she had driven as yet with this persistent suitor, made her feel a trifle better

"One of my pals who got a look at you one night loaned me this,' offered Carlin as they sped along the highway. "He knew there wasn't a car in town good enough baby, for you. He's going to be away for a week"

Sascha drew a shuddering breath She wished Don Carlin didn't look so handsome just then or that he wasn't so darn young and appealing or that he didn't cause her nerves to go a jitter the way no man ever had yet

It was hard for a girl to get along all right, if she wanted to get anywhere

"What kind of an idea was this tonight?" asked Carlin presently

And so Sascha told him about the girl. It was a nice impersonal subject

Mr. Carlin expressed expected surprise, with but scant interest

Sascha was indignant

"Don't you think I've been

(Continued on Page 19)

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

THERE [illegible]

Repeated laboratory tests [illegible] show that ordinary shampoos do not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly under a money-back guarantee and then washes it away. No after rinse is needed. And it's just as good for blondes as it is for brunettes. Try it today. On sale at all druggists, barbers and toilet goods counters.

[illegible]

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1 This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff [illegible] by a soap shampoo

Soap Shampoo

2 All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo

Fitch Shampoo

Send for Trial Bottle
FREE

Fitch's
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Please send me a free sample bottle of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo
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NOW you can banish stale, stagnant air from your home forever! You can be sure of even room temperatures, even in your hardest-to-heat room — end cold, drafty floors, cold corners, "register hugging"!

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Just think of it! Here's an idea that lets you manufacture your own weather, at lower operating costs than old methods required . . . that gives you year-round use of your furnace and comfort unheard of before. And the cost is so low every home can afford it!

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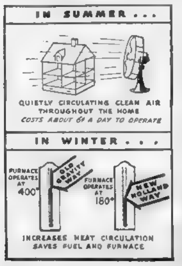
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QUIETLY CIRCULATING CLEAN AIR THROUGHOUT THE HOME
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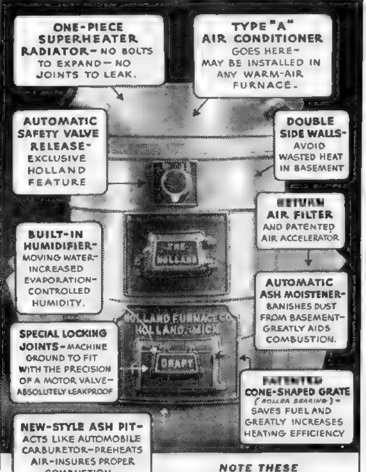
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1. Controls The Air You Breathe
AMAZING BEAUTY AID FOR WOMEN Holland's humidified air banishes dried skins, aids complexions
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☐ How to convert my present warm-air furnace into a year-round furnace with summer air-conditioning benefits.
☐ A complete explanation of Air Conditioning.
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Pure Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. **Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently.** Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite is a refreshing stimulating astringent when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. Reduces wrinkles and other age lines. Used daily, Saxolite refines coarse texture, skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

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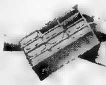
EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene. Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

Norforms contain Parahydrecin — a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of Unguentine. Parahydrecin kills germs, yet is non-irritating to tissue. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn." Norforms are completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, and deodorizing. Many fastidious women use them for this purpose alone

Send for the Norforms booklet, "*The New Way*" It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. Twelve in a package, each individually foil wrapped. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, *makers of Unguentine*

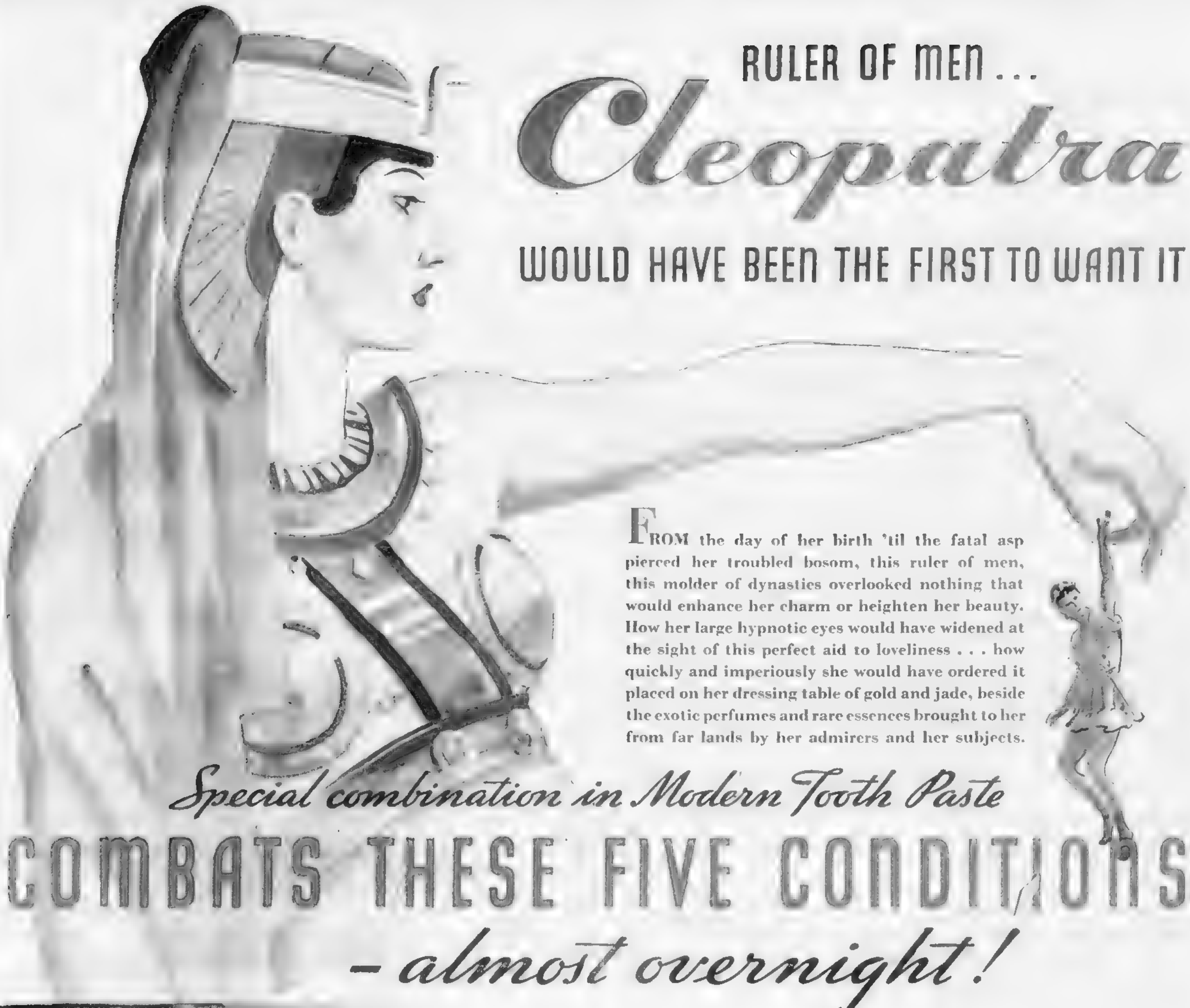


NORFORMS
KNOWN TO PHYSICIANS AS "VAGIFORMS"

RULER OF MEN...

Cleopatra

WOULD HAVE BEEN THE FIRST TO WANT IT



FROM the day of her birth 'til the fatal asp pierced her troubled bosom, this ruler of men, this molder of dynastics overlooked nothing that would enhance her charm or heighten her beauty. How her large hypnotic eyes would have widened at the sight of this perfect aid to loveliness . . . how quickly and imperiously she would have ordered it placed on her dressing table of gold and jade, beside the exotic perfumes and rare essences brought to her from far lands by her admirers and her subjects.

Special combination in Modern Tooth Paste

COMBATS THESE FIVE CONDITIONS

- almost overnight!

HARD TO CLEAN TEETH

YOU'VE always hoped for it. Now it is here—an up-to-the-minute tooth paste that fights the five conditions that rob you of so much of your attractiveness.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name—and your druggist has it. All over the land, women and men are demanding it. Its amazing success, its clear-cut results are due solely to its exclusive formula. As never before, costly modern cleansing and polishing agents are combined for super-cleaning.

Teeth laden with stubborn deposits (the hardest kind of teeth to clean) show improvement almost overnight.

Unpleasant stains are erased as if by magic.

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Flabby gums are stimulated when this paste is used in conjunction with massage. Mild fruit acids give a beneficial alkaline reaction. That unpleasant condition "coated tongue" yields to brushing with this tooth paste.

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LACK-LUSTRE TEETH

3
STAINED TEETH

4
FLABBY GUMS

5
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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Good Housekeeping Bureau

REGULAR SIZE
25¢
DOUBLE SIZE
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Pearls of Chinchorro

by Herbert Jensen

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

C[illegible] them up in a small bay. [illegible]

CHAPTER XIII.

A Sound in the Night.

CAPTAIN THARP [illegible] "Well, well," he [illegible] "We're all [illegible] away [illegible] girl? Or [illegible] that ye [illegible] the skiff chained se[illegible] to the tafferel." He peered at Louisa with genial shrewdness.

"I don' want to go to the beach tonight," Louisa said simply.

To Cliff she seemed indifferent toward the occupants in the cabin. It was as if, perhaps, her thoughts were elsewhere.

Tharp, eyes still shrewd, pressed his interrogations upon the girl.

"I saw ye talkin' to the boys today. Tsk, tsk! Now you wouldn't be gettin' friendly with my crew, would ye?" His [illegible] was sharper when he said: "What were ye telling 'em?"

"I jus' talk." She observed him boldly. "Why not?"

Captain Tharp sighed. "We-ell," he observed, "I guess there ain't no harm in that. Have a drink, Louisa, and let's git acquainted."

He pushed a bottle slightly on the table. Josey's eyes gleamed; he licked his lips. Captain Tharp's eyes twinkled upon Cliff, then upon Caroline. His [illegible] with a benign [illegible] as he beamed upon Louisa.

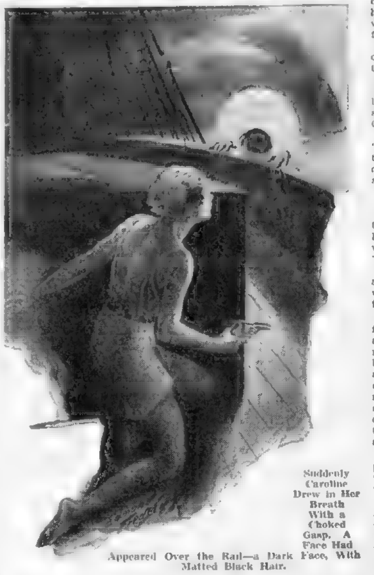
"Help one yourself, Josey," Tharp [illegible]. He tittered. "All work and no play makes [illegible] Wine, women, [illegible] Say, Josey, can ye sing? Me, I'm not much of a hand at it. Hey, don't swill the bottle, ye scut! Leave a drop for the [illegible] She looks kind of [illegible] to me."

He arose and caught at Louisa's hand. "Needn't be afraid of me. Not a speck o' harm in m' whole carcass. Josey, your girl looks a bit shy. Warm 'er up a bit, ye thick-head!"

The pig-like eyes of the squat mate rolled toward Caroline. His mouth, damp with raw spirits, loosened. He made a slight sound in his throat, and lurched toward Caroline. Cliff, straining savagely at his bonds, saw that her teeth had bit the color from her lips; that her eyes [illegible] with horror.

The cabin was oddly quiet. Captain Tharp tittered.

He slid his arm around Louisa's waist. She did not yield to the insistent pressing; her expression was impassive; yet Cliff thought he saw her body stiffen. Her face was lifted; her eyes held a raptness that made it seem as if her mind was curiously detached from the scene in the cabin. It was as if she were listening.



Suddenly Caroline Drew in Her Breath With a Choked Gasp. A Face Had Appeared Over the Rail—a Dark Face, With Matted Black Hair.

Then Cliff heard the sound.

Tharp cursed in a low voice to Josey; the mate's coarse laugh broke the sound for an instant; whereupon it came again—louder this time.

Cliff recognized it for the cry of the tropic marsh-rail—a bird they had heard the night the Cristina was wrecked. The soul-cry of dead sailors Louisa had ingenuously told them. Despite the savage emotions that were seething within him, that sound struck an odd and disquieting response along the chords of his tense nerves.

Again came the cry—it was more of a wail—it seemed so close that it might have been just beyond this cabin, yet it was torn with a tremolo that only distance could give.

The voices of the drunken crew were stilled. Josey rolled his eyes toward Captain Tharp who had allowed his arm to slip from about Louisa's waist.

"What th' blazes, Cap'n!" exclaimed Josey thickly. "What's that noise, Cap'n?"

"A bird, Josey. Just a bird." The smile was gone from Tharp's lips. His eyes looked oddly startled. "Once when I was in Cozumel, I heard 'em—"

Louisa said unemotionally, "That...eet is no bird. Eet is the soul of a dead man wrecked on the reef. My people, they say—"

The effect of her words upon Tharp was surprising.

"Blast your people!" He lunged to his feet. He leaned foward Louisa. His face worked. His voice was hoarse as he grated. "None of that guff! I tell ye—"

The cry of the ghost-bird sounded again. It was eerie, weird; despite himself Cliff felt the back of his scalp itch.

The five within the cabin froze into immobility. Caroline and Cliff, because they could not move; Josey, Tharp and Louisa because they had heard the sound of running feet over the deck above them. Hoarse cries mingled with the sound of the scuffling. There was the rattle of tackle followed by a splash, then the thumping of wood against wood.

Tharp leaped toward the companionway. With his foot upon the first step he flung a phrase toward Josey. "Look alive, ye lunkhead! It's the crew. They got scared. They're making away with the whale-boat! Git the scatter-gun, and come above!"

For an instant his foreshortened figure appeared against the opening and was gone. Cliff heard the sound of his feet padding aft. Josey stood a moment, his eyes rolling. He looked at Louisa almost beseechingly—as if to gain some unknown reassurance from her—then pulled open a wall panel and snatched out a pump-action shotgun. He followed his master above. As he disappeared from view Cliff heard the clash of the mechanism as he pumped a shell into firing position.

Cliff touched his tongue to his lips. He drew a deep breath.

"Louisa!" he whispered hoarsely, earnestly. "Find a knife. Cut me loose. Loosen Caroline first! Hurry. They may be back in a minute!"

The girl did not move. The side of her head was turned half upward, as if she awaited some signal.

They heard Tharp's voice bawling in frenzied exasperation.

"Come back, ye swine! Come back, blast ye, or by heaven I'll ...Josey gimme that gun—"

The shotgun blasted loose. "Think I can't reach ye! Just wait, ye scuts, and I'll——"

Suddenly his voice rose to a scream. "Josey! Josey! They've scuttled the skiff. Look! The chain's taut over the counter! Blast them! I'll cut the eyes out of every mother's son of them when I—"

Cliff cried out desperately:

"Louisa! Don't you understand? It's our only chance. Before they get back! Hurry! There must be a knife in the galley."

Louisa turned blank eyes toward him. She shook her head.

Caroline, her voice shot with pained surprise, cried in Spanish:

"But, Louisa! Do as he says. You can't mean to leave us—"

The girl turned away from them. With Cliff's frenzied protests behind her she climbed the steps to the deck. Caroline, her voice breaking, cried out, "Oh, Cliff, what shall we do? She can't have meant to leave us! Why did she—"

Cliff rolled toward Caroline. He gritted breathlessly:

"Never mind...now. Slide down, Caroline. See if you can get your fingers at my knots... or perhaps I can work on yours. Perhaps they'll stay above long enough—"

He gasped with the effort of aligning his body beside Caroline's. His half-paralyzed fingers fumbled at the knots about her wrists. He felt his nails tearing away from the flesh of his finger-tips with the desperation of his efforts. The twisted manila defied his wrenchings. Suddenly he felt one of her knots slip. He gasped.

"Caroline! I think I have it ...wait...don't move...yes, turn a little...that's it! Draw your hands a bit higher."

A sudden pain stabbed his side. A black wave swept across his brain. His eyes snapped wide; his head twisted on his neck. Tharp's voice, hoarse with exasperation, grated upon his ear drums.

"Stop that squirming, Bellew, or I'll let ye have another boot—in the face this time! I got enough trouble, ye young fool, without ye tryin' monkeyshines!"

Captain Tharp stood over him, his foot drawn back ready for another kick. "So ye was tryin' to git your knots loose?" He gave a mirthless chuckle. "Josey ties 'em good. Hi! Josey! Git down here!"

Like a gorilla the mate swung down the companionway.

"Here! Untie this fella. I'll keep a gun on 'im."

He leered at Cliff as Josey lifted him upright. He seemed to retain some of his paradoxical good-humor.

"Work ain't over for the day now. No siree bob! You got another divin' job to do before you turn in tonight. That crew got away with the whale-boat and scuttled the skiff. Anyways she's sunk over the stern. I gotta have her up tonight."

Cliff said through dry lips, "I'm tired. I can't see down there at night."

"You kin feel, can't ye! And who gives a hoot if you're tired? When I was a young fella like you I c'd dive all day and night, and walk twenty mile to a dance on top o' that. Once, when I was in—. Take him above, Josey, and git that gear on 'im."

Staggering under the impulse of Josey's powerful hands Cliff was pushed on deck. He was agonizingly muscle-weary. The long day in the heavy diving suit, the exacting nerve strain, had taken severe toll of his reserve strength. He felt that he could

(Continued on Page 18)

"I made my husband do the driving...

UNTIL I CHANGED TO ETHYL!"

I SAID TO MY HUSBAND: "You *know* I like to drive. But I lose my confidence in traffic; I can't be sure what the engine will do." "Well, Madge," he said, "since you can't avoid traffic these days to get anywhere, let's try a *new* idea ... let's stop at the next pump marked Ethyl" ...

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ALWAYS LOOK! Only pumps which are identified by the Ethyl trade-mark on the globe or body dispense gasoline containing Ethyl fluid.

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1. Pumps marked Ethyl contain the *coolest* fuel for summer use. That's because, by the action of Ethyl fluid, more of the potential energy of each gallon is transformed into engine power and less sent as waste heat into the cooling system, already battling high outside temperatures.

2. Ethyl fluid is needed to develop full performance by modern high compression cars every season of the year. It makes older cars, too, run better as carbon and mileage accumulate. That is why approximately 95% of all premium gasoline sold in the United States and Canada now contains Ethyl fluid.

3. Sufficient Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) is used to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries. The all-round quality of premium fuel so treated is protected by *double* inspection at the refinery and at the pump.

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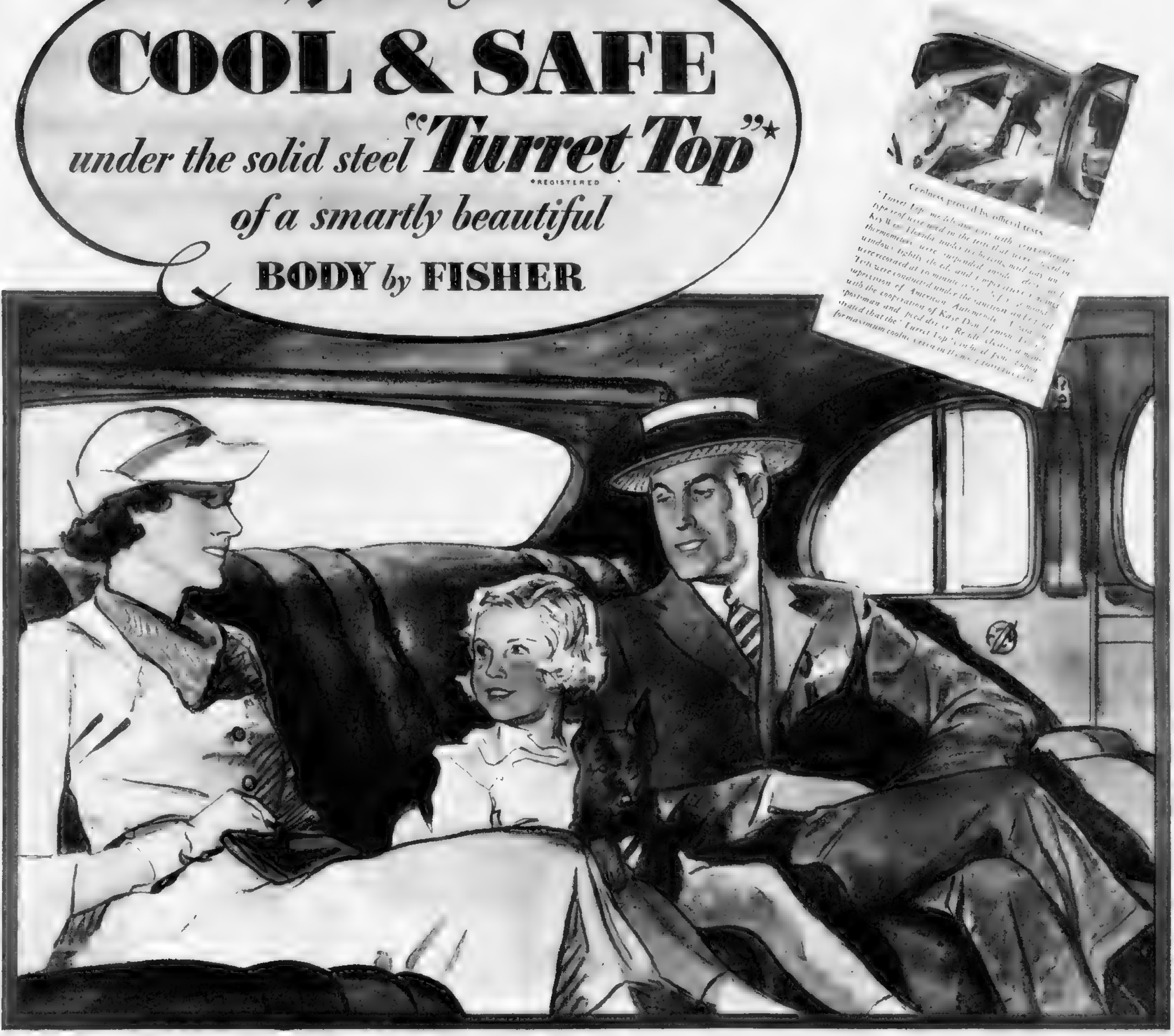

Coolness proved by official tests

"Turret Top" models and cars with conventional type roof were used in the tests that were [illegible] in Key West, Florida under [illegible] thermometers were suspended inside [illegible] windows tightly closed, and temperatures [illegible] were recorded at 10 minute [illegible] Tests were conducted under the sanction and [illegible] supervision of American Automobile [illegible] with the cooperation of Kaye Don, famous [illegible] sportsman and speed driver. Results clearly demonstrated that the "Turret Top" is [illegible] for maximum coolness [illegible]

Wherever you sit in a Body by Fisher, you'll find a level floor beneath your feet — the final touch of comfort as well as a convenience when you want to carry packages or extra luggage — and the inclined, recessed foot rest for rear seat passengers not only provides more leg room but clears the rear compartment floor of all obstructions

WHAT a comfort it is to know that those whose safety you cherish can have a protecting roof of solid steel over their heads, thanks to the "Turret Top" Body by Fisher.

Even the corners of the solid steel "Turret Top" add to its sturdy strength

Notice how the solid steel "Turret Top" is scientifically rounded, sphere-like—not alone for the sake of pleasing appearance and to reduce wind resistance and noise—but because this employment of the principles of sphere construction enables the very maximum of over-all rigidity and strength

That great single sheet of solid steel, comprising the "Turret Top," is arched and formed like the battleship turret from which it takes its name.

It is welded to the steel side panels, to the steel rear panels—even to the steel windshield pillars—so that the entire body is a super-rigid, shock-proof, weave-proof unit.

But important though it is, safety is only one advantage of this newest Fisher innovation.

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Pearls of Chinchorro

by Herbert Jensen

(Continued from Page 10)

[illegible] rather [illegible] though [illegible] the skiff that was sunk under the water with the [illegible] he remembered [illegible] out of it. Then [illegible] remembered also that the [illegible] had with it a belt, a [illegible] besides carrying the [illegible] weights [illegible] a [illegible] sheath knife as protection [illegible] sharks.

[illegible] instantly and [illegible] some of his strength [illegible] the knife from the [illegible] [illegible] interior [illegible]

It was with [illegible] that Cliff heard the clank of the wrench wielded by Josey as he adjusted the nuts about the helmet-flange. As he lifted his clumsily weighted feet over the bulwark he saw through the distortion of the glass the shadowy figures of Tharp and his mate working the pump box.

Another figure—it was Louisa—stood near the rail. A wave of disappointment and of resentment against that faithless girl swept him. He clenched his teeth. Surely it was not two enemies he had [illegible], but three.

He descended into the warm tropic water. The [illegible] diving suit ballooned about his chest then flattened as the water [illegible] him. He found his footing [illegible] the sea floor [illegible] his way aft to the spot where he knew the skiff would [illegible].

The darkness was impenetrable. He brought [illegible] feet. The skiff. With [illegible] slow motion he waved [illegible] above him sensing the [illegible] he knew would be lowered [illegible] sunken craft.

His groping hand caught against the wire loop. Slowly he brought it down, found the [illegible] hook and fastened it to the ring at the bow of the skiff. He [illegible] to haul away. The [illegible] of the skiff would [illegible] the shell and [illegible] the [illegible].

He now prepared for his own [illegible]. He [illegible] at his belt [illegible] the [illegible] a knife [illegible] reaction. Above [illegible] a phosphorescent [illegible] in the water. [illegible] a bright [illegible] in a [illegible]. A shark? He held [illegible] upward and [illegible] the [illegible] ladder that he knew hung within arm's reach. The phosphorescent light above moved with him—somehow too slowly for a fish, yet its very size betrayed a large object swimming in the water. Then, as suddenly as it had appeared the light was gone. Cliff, his feet mounting upon a coral-head that he knew was near the ladder, paused. With his head [illegible] backward he saw the sight perpendicular [illegible] that ran along the air hose as the impulses from the deck pump stirred the phosphorescent [illegible].

Suddenly the air hose vibrated faster then slowed! Again Cliff felt an [illegible] supply of air [illegible] his [illegible] when abruptly the distant clank of the pump stopped altogether!

Something was happening there on deck! Something had disturbed the men at the pump enough to distract them from the vital business of sending the life-giving air down to him. Instantly Cliff's lungs compressed. He began to breathe with great short gasps. He thrust his arms [illegible]. Once on the ladder he could pull himself upward out of the water, rip his suit with the knife and—and the ladder was not there!

He thrashed his arms wildly. The ladder was [illegible] gone! The effort of his frenzy threw him off balance. He fell backward. He caught at the hose above him with the desperate hope that he could pull himself upward by that means. He [illegible] hands upward. Suddenly he slipped back. A rush of water filled his helmet.

The hose was severed! He had been cut loose and left to die by sudden drowning! Already his tissues cried out for their deprived oxygen. His lungs ached. He realized that he still held on to the knife. He suddenly began slashing desperately, automatically at his suit. The fabric was tough, resistant. Could he rip the suit enough to shed it? Could his half paralyzed muscles find the strength to push the helmet away from his shoulders?

There was a drumming in his ears, a blackness behind his eyeballs that was more intense than the darkness about him. He knew his struggles were feeble. Did he have that thousand-to-one chance—time enough to—

With reeling senses he continued to hack desperately.

CHAPTER XIV.

Nemesis.

CAROLINE, when she had watched Cliff pushed up from the cabin onto the deck, felt her heart grow sick within her. Louisa had betrayed them. She had not stirred to unbind them when that weird call from the night bird had sent Captain Tharp and his mate after the crew whose fright had compelled them to steal the whale-boat and depart in haste from the Carib Girl. With weary envy she thought of their objective—Belize—only a few hours away!

There had been but little time—but time enough, had she wanted to, for Louisa to have helped them. With Cliff free he could have done something to avert the fate that was upon them. She realized now that Captain Tharp would never allow Cliff or herself to live after his gross persecution. It was but a matter now of grasping desperately at straws if they were to survive. And Louisa had done nothing to assist them.

It seemed that they had been thwarted by fortune at every turn. Cliff, weary and bruised, was forced to dive again; his strength must be near the breaking point. Dear, kind Cliff! She knew how painful the cost had been when he had tried to loosen the cords that bound her wrists. A sudden thought struck her. What had he said when they had been surprised by Tharp returning from the deck? Had he loosened her ropes?

She strained her wrists against the cords. They were looser! She uttered a little silent prayer and worked her hands backward and forward. The harsh fibers cut against the tender skin. She felt a slipperiness, a moisture that had not been there before. She thought it was blood from the broken skin. Her wrists were too numb for great pain. She bit her under lip sharply and tugged harder. The cords slipped suddenly; almost she cried out as a new area of skin was torn from the flesh! But that last effort had been successful. The looped cords slipped over her hands!

Clumsily her blood-smeared fingers worked at the bonds about her ankles. She was loose!

With muscles trembling with fatigue she paused and listened, while she fought for strength desperately needed to arise and hunt for some weapon. She heard the rhythmic clank of the deck pump. Cliff was in [illegible] suit and in the water then. She realized that she must secure a weapon, go on deck and be ready to help Cliff in his last struggle when he emerged from the water.

Something told her it was to be the last struggle. She knew that with his crew gone, Tharp must recruit a new one from some nearby port if he were to continue with the diving. She and Cliff would be a menace to his safety. Therefore they must be disposed of within the next few hours!

With her hands upon the table supporting her she attempted to rise to her feet but her cramped muscles betrayed her. She fell forward [illegible] knees. The [illegible] tottered [illegible] that [illegible] to the floor.

The [illegible] of [illegible] she froze, listening. [illegible] only the [illegible] of the air pump [illegible] deck.

Slowly she crawled to the side of the cabin where the panel behind [illegible] the shotgun [illegible]. With her fingers [illegible] of the gun case she [illegible] herself upright. [illegible] a gasp of disappointment [illegible]. The [illegible] was empty.

There was [illegible] breath she [illegible] sobbing [illegible] search [illegible] relief was [illegible] when she found that the [illegible] was filled!

Caroline [illegible] toward the companionway. She crept up the stairs. [illegible] night air of the [illegible] hair [illegible] Cliff was free [illegible].

A [illegible] hung from [illegible]. Forward she saw [illegible] of Josey [illegible] the [illegible] Captain Tharp and Josey were working. Even as she looked they turned and began to drag some tackle toward her. She remembered that the skiff was sunk over the stern. If she emerged fully they would be certain to see her.

Tharp and his mate paused near Louisa. Tharp spoke a word to her while Josey hauled up the [illegible] ladder. They intended [illegible] to keep Cliff [illegible] until they were through with their work, ready to have him on deck. Caroline's heart sank.

She withdrew into the cabin and [illegible] her lips [illegible]. They were bringing the tackle over the stern for Cliff to attach to the skiff. She remembered that Tharp had come upon Cliff and her through some forward passageway. That was it! She would attempt to gain the deck from the forward opening.

She followed a passageway forward. It was dark; she did not pause to find matches even should she dare light them to help her on her way. She pushed against a closed door. It opened to her touch. The breath of air that met her reeked of confined humanity.

She was in the crew's quarters. She touched the forward mast with her outstretched hand; a ladder was fastened to it. Looking upward she saw a patch of sky bright with stars.

With the revolver clamped in her moist hand she began the ascent. Her shoulders were through the opening. She crawled out of the hatch and was upon the deck.

A waning moon gave the white painted bulwarks a faintly reflected illumination. Coiled rope and tackle about the deck were somber indistinguishable lumps. Some breeze stirring from the shore brought the odor of rotten oyster shell and [illegible] mingled with the reek of tarred decks.

She began to creep aft toward the dark shadow of the deck house where she would conceal herself. Suddenly she drew in her breath with a choked gasp. Her attempt to stifle her scream of sudden fright was only partly successful. For a face had appeared over the rail, a dark face with matted black hair falling over the eyes that gleamed at her with almost a reptilian glitter!

Instantly it disappeared! The features had been indistinct in the dim light. It seemed that it had been faintly phosphorescent—quite as if it had been some appearing apparition from the bottom of the sea.

Her stifled [illegible] Josey gave a startled shout of surprise. She saw his husky figure away from the stern peering down into the cabin. Captain Tharp's voice was raised in savage inquiry.

"Blast it, Josey! Find her! Don't be gawping down there. Wait! I'll make the rope fast and we'll hunt together. Can't have the wench loose!"

She heard the tempo of the pump grow faster. Louisa turned to face the two men.

With Caroline, it was now or never. Her two captors were together. Without Cliff she must handle this. With a prayer on her lips she drifted out of the shadow and started toward them holding the revolver extended.

Josey bawled. "There she is, Cap'! C'm on, we'll git her."

Caroline lifted the gun. The sharp report [illegible] almost painfully against her ear drums. Josey, a little in the fore, was knocked against the mizzen mast. He clapped his hand to his shoulder.

The mate cursed horribly. "I'm hit, Cap'!"

Caroline fired again. The bullet smashed into the skylight over the cabin. She had missed!

Josey reeled behind the mast. Tharp stepped nimbly to one side so that Louisa's body screened him. Her heart pounding tumultuously Caroline advanced. Cliff was still below! She must somehow [illegible] these ruthless men. His life was in the balance. She [illegible] fail. It did not matter what happened to her, it was Cliff who counted!

Louisa fell away from the pump. It was almost as if she wanted to give Caroline a clear shot at Tharp—but no, it was fright. She was afraid to be in the line of fire.

Caroline paused.

"Get back to that pump!" she commanded.

Louisa leaped back and grasped the still revolving handle and began turning rapidly.

Swinging the weapon from left to right trying to keep at one time the half-hidden Josey and Tharp before her, Caroline slowly advanced. Tharp gritted to Josey.

"[illegible] behind her, you fool! I'll [illegible]"

Suddenly he leaped forward still screened by Louisa at the pump. Caroline saw a knife in his hand. For an instant she thought—it seemed curious—that he was going to stab the girl. Then with a sudden cry of horror she saw that he had slashed at the air hose that was sending the life-giving air down to Cliff! He laughed as she cried an incoherent protest. Her heart was frozen with anguish, yet her muscles reacted automatically. She ran toward him. She forgot the revolver in her hand.

She had but one thought—to press the severed ends of that hose together as if by some miracle they could be joined again. She was conscious that Louisa's body was not between them. She got one part of the hose in her free hand. Almost she dropped the revolver reaching for the other. As if it were alive the hose jumped away from her and slid over the bulwark!

Then Tharp was upon her. He gripped her arms. Desperately she struggled, still intent upon her futile task. She heard two rapid shots; strangely she felt the gun in her hand recoiling. Tharp screamed. She knew it was his scream. His body fell away from her.

She felt something warm gush over her hands as again she was gripped by powerful arms. The revolver dropped from her grasp. That grip was paralyzing. It numbed her whole upper body! It was Josey clutching her from behind. She smelled that rotted-fish odor of him. His voice came thickly in her ear.

"[illegible] you for [illegible]! You [illegible] for the Cap'!"

She attempted to twist her body away. Then over his shoulder she saw that dark face that had startled that terrifying scream from her a few moments before! The eyes in that face still glittered, but now teeth gleamed!

In the light of the hurricane lantern she saw lines of bitter intensity crease that swarthy countenance. She caught a glimpse of a bared brown arm with the fist clenching a silvery knife. Caroline screamed.

"It's Juanito! Louisa! Louisa!" Her voice choked a little. "Juanito [illegible]!"

"I know that!" Louisa cried. There was a thud as the outflung fist of Juanito smashed into the mate's face.

Josey, aware now of a new enemy, released his grip on Caroline. She fell backward to the deck. Her upper body was nerveless, paralyzed by Josey's cruel grip. She struggled to move but could not! There was a swirl of white before her eyes. Louisa had plunged toward Josey who was locked in deadly struggle with Juanito. The mestiza girl clawed at the mate, who swayed from side to side trying to fling her and Juanito from him.

Suddenly Josey thrust out his arm. Louisa spun away. Caroline heard her head strike sickeningly against the bulwark! With an inarticulate cry Juanito flashed his knife upward and then down. The mate's triumphant bellow broke. He choked upon something

(Continued on Page 19)

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*ATHLETE'S FOOT DOESN'T

YOUR chances of meeting the fellow in this picture are, probably, not many. His nerve-jarring *whir-r-r* is confined to few localities. But, spread through every state in the Union, in homes and in clubs, is a dreaded fungus which lies in wait for your unwary barefoot step.

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This fungus spins its invisible web of misery across your path. It chooses the very places you go for cleanliness: your own bathroom, the decks of swimming pools, diving boards, shower baths at gym or club.

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And, shortly you notice itching between your toes. White blisters appear. Excessive moisture, redness, swelling, pain—any of these signs may mean you are a victim of Athlete's Foot.

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Pearls of Chinchorro

H[illegible] J[illegible]

(Continued from Page 18)

he attempted to say. He pushed Juanito away from him. Crimson knife in hand the boy stumbled backward.

The mate stood like a gnarled oak tree, but like a tree swaying in the wind. He began to topple forward. Juanito, the lad was exhausted, tried to straighten himself to fend against the falling mate. From behind her Caroline heard the flat report of a gun.

She saw Juanito spin and fall to the deck, his legs crumpling. The boy and his huge assailant crashed to the deck at one time. They lay still, still as the limp figure of Louisa—a crumpled heap against the bulwark. Behind her Caroline heard a rasping chuckle choking and labored.

"You next, young lady! Blast ye, ye got me through the chest, but I ain't dead yet! Oh no. Indeed!"

Caroline was fully conscious but still the effect of Josey's brutal grip held her paralyzed. Something was wrong with her nerve centers, her muscles seemed [illegible]. They refused to obey the insistent command from her brain to rise to her feet and flee.

The lantern's steady light glowed down upon the shambles within its dim circumference. Captain Tharp lay on his chest with elbows outspread. His hands were before his face holding the revolver Caroline had dropped. The muzzle weaved slightly as if the man were summoning his last conscious strength to support the weight of the weapon.

Tharp's voice, thick, did not lose that mocking suavity.

"Thought ye got ol' Cap'n Tharp, eh? Well, ye ain't! Plenty of life in th' ol' buck yet! I'll dance," he coughed raspingly. "I'll dance on the graves of all of ye. Come, girl, give me a smile before I blow those silly brains of ye over the deck! Shoot me, will ye!" His voice broke into a savagery of hate. "Blast ye, I'll—"

Flame blazed from the muzzle. Caroline felt the tug of the passing bullet through her hair. Again Tharp chuckled.

"I didn't miss ye, young lady. Not Cap'n Tharp. That one was just a sample, as a fella told me in Panama once—"

Behind Tharp, where the guide lines of the diving outfit fell over the bulwark, a hand appeared. It clawed for an instant for support, then found it on an inboard cleat.

Dully Caroline observed it. It was one and a part of the whole deadly phenomena of the night. Her mind had reached almost the point where she was indifferent to any new happening. Her comprehension was remote from the significance of that hand and of the gleaming pate that appeared behind it. Incredulous she stared at the face gray with effort and fatigue that lifted over the bulwark.

"— that fella had dosed my grog with knockout drops...and when I shifted the glasses on 'im you should have seen his face—"

Tharp's words registered somehow, but with growing amaze Caroline saw the shoulders below that face heave over the railing. Suddenly she screamed. It was like the face of a dead person so gray and gaunt was it. But despite the lack-lustre eyes and the lips writhing over clenched teeth, it was the face drawn with superhuman strain of Cliff Bellew! The water-sodden shirt flat against his heaving chest appeared with agonizing slowness.

Her eyes, staring over Tharp's shoulder, gave him the warning he had misunderstood when she screamed. His boots scuffed a tattoo upon the deck as he struggled to turn and bring the gun to bear upon Cliff who now had one leg over the side.

"Cliff! Go back! He's got a gun! Dear...please—"

Cliff did not pause. He did not appear to have heard her. His eyes were fixed dully upon Tharp who had managed to swing the gun toward the water-soaked apparition who by some miracle had cut himself out of his diving suit and had come, knife in hand, like an avenging nemesis out of the sea!

Tharp cried out hoarsely and jerked the trigger. With the report Cliff's body stopped suddenly as if a heavy sledge had struck him. A dark stain spread over the tattered shirt below and to the right of the neck.

Caroline again attempted to drive her muscles toward Tharp who was sighting the gun for another shot. But that strange paralysis still gripped her!

Again the revolver spoke. She was conscious that Cliff was falling toward Tharp. She heard the thud of meeting bodies. Tharp uttered a half-scream, that choked upon a groan. She closed her eyes. Then strangely she heard Cliff's voice—it was but a hoarse whisper, yet gloriously Cliff's.

"Caroline! Dear Caroline! Are you all right? This beast didn't—hasn't harmed you?—"

Caroline felt the rough deck rasp against her cheek. She remembered no more.

CHAPTER XV.

Conclusion.

SUNLIGHT spilled over the corner of a huge tarpaulin stretched over the cockpit of the Carib Girl. On her knees beside Cliff in a deck chair, was Caroline. Her anxious eyes looked upward to his wan face with a solicitude that had within it something vastly more than just concern for his bandaged chest. He smiled down upon her upturned face.

"Thank you, nurse," he murmured. "Better look to Juanito's head now. Seems like I'm getting all the service."

Louisa, standing near the rail, interrupted, "Hees hade is all right. Better than mine I tell you. That Josey threw me plenty hard. I'm happy my Juanito keel heem!" she concluded vindictively.

"Oh ho!" Cliff ejaculated. "So it's your Juanito now! Why he's just a young boy. To think that a woman of your age—"

Louisa retorted, "Senorita Caroline tol' you not to talk so moch!" Her flashing smile removed the sting of reproof from her words. "Juanito grow up pretty queek I tell you. I think may be I marry heem now. That is—" her eyes twinkled at Cliff "—eef you don' wan' me to cook for you, Meestair."

"No thanks," said Cliff hurriedly. "You'd be wasted on me."

Caroline smiled. Juanito, from an adjoining chair, chuckled softly. The lad's brown face under his bandaged head appeared singularly happy. Cliff, observing the glance Louisa gave her Juanito, could readily understand why.

It had been Louisa, rowing ashore in the skiff the evening Tharp had missed her, who had encountered Juanito. With the indomitable trail-sense of his Indian ancestors the boy had recovered their lost dingey and had sailed down the coast after them.

His pursuit had seemed hopeless when he had been attracted to Chinchorro Bank by the column of smoke from the burning Cristina. Meeting Louisa, who had gone to the beach after Caroline had left their retreat, together they had plotted to frighten the crew away from the Carib Girl by the ghost-sound of the marsh bird.

In the meantime Louisa had filled the crew's heads with tales of the significance of the sound. She had gone ashore that first night after she had given herself up so as to avoid the attentions of Tharp and to perfect her plan with Juanito.

While the [illegible] of shell had been progressing, Juanito had sailed back to his home island and had enlisted the islanders to follow en masse to Chinchorro. He had come on ahead. Finding that matters had reached a crisis he had not awaited the arrival of his reinforcements but made the cries that caused the crew to [illegible], swum to the Carib Girl and climbed aboard in time for the final struggle.

That Louisa had not unbound them that night in the cabin she explained.

"Eef that Captain Tharp theenk I like you, he lock me up too. And eef he catch me cut those rope he know then for sure I like you. So I theenk there is not mooch time when they come back. So I let you stay tie up."

"Louisa," Caroline broke in impulsively, "you've been a darling. But, Cliff, how ever did you manage to get out of that diver's suit? When Tharp cut the hose—Oh Cliff, it was—"

Cliff reached out and caught her hand.

"It was pretty bad," he admitted. He smiled wryly. "I managed to hold my breath just long enough to cut myself out of that rubber suit. I was pretty weak when I got to the surface. Had it been deeper, well, I never could have survived the pressure when the hose was cut. The guide lines were over the side. I climbed them."

Caroline did not resist as he tugged at her hand. He drew her close to his side.

"So now it's all over, dear." Her glance met his smiling eyes then dropped. "Josey is dead, and Tharp—" his mouth tightened briefly "—will live to be hanged I think. Tomorrow we'll have Juanito's friends help us sail to Belize. I don't think they'll object to your keeping the Carib Girl in place of the Cristina."

His lips were close to her ear. "And when we come back to get the [illegible] of your fortune with proper [illegible] I don't think we'll need Louisa and Juanito, that is, in their present capacity."

"Why?" [illegible] "What is that?" Her eyes were faintly startled, [illegible] protesting.

"I mean," Cliff smiled upon her [illegible] face. "You see, we won't need them in their present capacity of chaperones!"

Beneath her [illegible] of rose-gold Caroline's cheek so close to Cliff's lips [illegible] crimson.

"Caroline," Cliff's voice was suddenly vibrant with earnestness. "I love you, dear! Will you marry me?"

She arose [illegible]. Cliff was conscious of the expression of mock reproof on her flushed face. Her eyes were [illegible].

Juanito and Louisa grinned delightedly at them.

"Just try," she said with a little catch in her throat, "to get out of it!"

THE END

[illegible]

The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 14)

pretty nice to that girl?" she demanded.

"No nicer than I'd expect you to be," said this exasperating young man and Sascha, not knowing quite what to do with this, relapsed into silence once more.

"If I could find some brainy chap who could see a year ahead in the real estate game I'd marry you, baby, and take you out of circulation and the Wellington offices," ran on Carlin as the big car hummed over the concrete. "It's bad atmosphere for you or any girl, that Wellington office, any girl who's got nothing but her pretty face. Now you take my business. A man with sense knows that after this depression lots of folks will be howling for homes. They've been doubling up with Ma and Pa and Sis and the inlaws and fighting like blazes, but not able to get out of it. When jobs are more plentiful and cash freer what will they all do? Why, bust out the front door with Junior and the twins and hunt for something just like one of my nifty little separate heavens in Paradise Center, their own domicile having long since been grabbed by a bank, building and loan or the sheriff."

"You've got nothing to do with my job with the Wellingtons and I'm certainly not going to marry you even if some fool builds a swimming pool in every one of your back yards!" flared Sascha. "Now you take me home, Don Carlin. You've no right butting into my affairs and my time like this."

"Not yet, maybe," agreed Mr. Carlin. "But you'll see it my way presently. And you've got to admit, baby, even this soon, that knowing me is a great accommodation in many ways. Now tonight, for instance— —"

"Accommodation!" said Sascha sharply. "You're more like an express! If you had as much brain as nerve, Don Carlin, you'd be a millionaire."

"Baby," said Mr. Carlin calmly, veering around a huge truck with a twist of his wrist, "if you got enough nerve in this man's world, you can convince 'em you got the brains!"

Sascha said no more until the car threaded its way through familiar congested streets and then she spoke sharply.

"Is it possible you are taking me home?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Carlin pleasantly. "I thought it time I met your family, beautiful. Nobody home tonight but your mother and Art, but while trailing you and the unfaithful philandering Basker, I got acquainted with them and laid in a swell little Dutch lunch with a couple of dozen fried before I left. We're going to eat it now with the family and then you and I are going to try out this car on a good run along the river to a smart little night club. I can't afford much food there tonight so I figured we'd treat the family first."

"Well, of all the nerve!" gasped Sascha, eyes flashing at him. "I don't bother with my family nor they with me."

"Got to start," said Mr. Carlin, seriously. "I must have harmony in all my family relations and baby, you're the missus all right, no use struggling. No matter how many rubies you've got your lovely eyes on in Wellington's office. None of these wealthy chaps you're meeting there, honey, are going to teach my girl the facts of life."

"Oh!" choked Sascha furiously. "I hate you, Don Carlin!"

"And that's the most hopeful thing you've said to me yet," said Don Carlin.

CHAPTER XXI.

"It's Loose, Unmoral——"

"BUT I thought you knew about Herbert Curtis and me," said Glee, wide-eyed. She hadn't, but it was the only way to deal with the thing.

"No," said Barrie, troubled, vaguely unhappy. "How can you, Glee?"

"Don't be a mid-Victorian, Barrie. He has a wife and she's in one of the most expensive sanitariums, or crazy house if you

(Continued on Page 20)

CORNS

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Let's look at the WOMEN Men Marry

Blondes, brunettes, red heads.
Tall, short, and five feet five.
Slender, medium—and larger.
Quiet, lively, clever, clinging, dominating.

THE women men marry are as various and different as the men who marry them.

But there is one quality which unfailingly attracts *all* men, the essentially feminine quality of immaculateness of person.

The smart woman knows that the greatest danger to this quality is the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.

She knows that her daily bath cannot protect her. She must give her underarms *special* care. And for this nothing is quicker and surer than Mum!

A light fingertipful of Mum under each arm, and you have all-day protection.

You can use it any time—*after* you're dressed just as well as before. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

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Another thing—Mum does not prevent perspiration; just its ugly odor.

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THERE'S no longer any excuse for going around with clashing lips and finger tips! Cutex now offers a complete set of Cutex Lipsticks to match and tone in with their nail polishes.

And you'll find the new Cutex Lipstick is a grand value—creamy but not greasy, goes on as smoothly as Cutex Liquid Polish, is beautifully permanent—and only half the usual price! Start today to match up your lips and fingernails. The new Cutex Lipstick is only 50¢ a stick.

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There's a Cutex Lipstick to match or tone in perfectly with each Cutex Polish shade

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The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 19)

wish to call it so, and whenever the doctors tell Herbert she will know him he goes to see her. I'm free, white and past twenty-one. I know what I'm doing and as far as I can see nobody gives a hoot what it is. Think I'd ask him to divorce this poor soul who was faithful enough to him while she knew anything? Or that he would do it? Nix to both of those. And that's that. We harm no one and we live. And tomorrow we may be dead. In every way we are congenial. Are we to mope apart, two normal human beings? We're not hurting anyone. There are no children."

Barrie was staring, very wide-eyed, at this old friend of hers, the vision of the white clad bride growing faint. This was love! Garbed grotesquely as this, twisted and contorted and yet very brave and fine somehow, this was love at last! Here was happiness. No one looking at Glee could doubt she was happy.

"Gracious," she gave a little short breathless laugh, "I——"

"Yes, I know," nodded Glee reaching for her highball glass, the firelight dancing over her orange silk pajamas, her dark sleek head. "It jolts you. It did me, too, at first. But you'll find a heap more happiness here than you'll see in the world we both belong to."

"It's loose, unmoral," said Barrie with a last effort, "and it does something to you. Last night for another kiss, I think, I would really have permitted Michael to stay, if he would have stayed. I'm so mad about him, Glee."

"Certainly," said Glee Harbison wisely, "he's your man. But think well, Barrie. You're a Rowann. You'll have to go back."

"No," said Barrie passionately and rose and walked up and down the living room. "Do you think I could go back now, Glee, even if father did not make life impossible for me? Go home remembering Michael? Everything making me see him always? Looking for him and and wishing he could be there? I tell you I must get something to do. I don't know what will be the end of Michael Brand and me. I don't know whether he's married or not."

"Certainly he isn't married," said Glee softly. "And I know what the end will be, Barrie. And cheers, from me, old kid, because you had the nerve to gamble with life! You'll win out. You've got it in you."

"I want a job," said Barrie sullenly.

She was still shaken with the memory of the night before. The sight of the living room unnerved her. There Michael had stood when they came in. Along that little path he had crossed to her to take her in his arms. Here they had stood together, locked together, timelessly, utterly forgetful of everything.

"You wouldn't take a job now," stated Glee flatly. "Not a girl with your income, when competent workers, starving to death, are walking the streets."

"Good heavens!" said Barrie, opened mouthed. That side of the matter had never occurred to her. No. A job was out. She hadn't thought——

"I didn't look at it that way," she said faintly.

"If your father cuts you out, throws you off, then when you're broke, the need will come," said Glee softly. "But it isn't now, Barrie."

"He'll stop my allowance of course," said Barrie musingly. "I have five hundred a month and my bills paid. I don't dress on that. I'm not extravagant. I have three thousand in the bank now, Glee. That should see me along for a short time."

"A short time, yes," said Glee sarcastically. "My child, you know nothing. Do you realize what Ann Varden ran her apartment on as to food for three people last month? Twenty dollars. Honestly. And many do it on nothing. Living on the next break. Folks as nice as you."

Barrie did not speak. Her bewildered mind was sorting and reading these strange unbelievable facts. Suddenly she realized that she was wealthy, a thing she had never thought of before. But not wealthy like white-haired, youthful-faced Ann Varden.

"What shall I do, Glee?" she asked simply.

"Nothing," said Glee and kissed her fleetingly. "Drift. You've taken the step now. Let events show you. Let Michael run the show. If he's half a man he will. And you follow your impulses. If he's free and he asks you, for heaven's sake marry him—if not—don't be a prude and a fool and regret it all your life. If you can't have him and you go running back to that padded prison of yours, at least take something with you."

"That's bad advice, Glee," said Barrie smiling palely.

"It's the best I can give you," said Glee.

And there was a something about Glee. A certain clarity. She knew things, had seen things, and yet she had kept the bloom on life. There was a lot to that. There was one thing to be wise, and another to be happily wise. Glee had no illusions left, she had shed them as one cleans house.

"Let's get all the useless junk out so we can really live!" This was Glee as Barrie came to know her after Herbert Curtis had put his latchkey in the door of Glee's apartment. And there was something great about it, even while everything in Barrie had to adjust itself to the attitude.

She rose, stretched her slim arm above her head, and yawned.

"Thanks, Glee," she smiled a little drowsily. "I'm going to bed, I think. I had an emotional evening last night. But I can't live on you here forever."

"Rubbish. You're visiting," said Glee, and glanced at the clock. "I'm staying here for a while. Herb's coming."

Barrie nodded, feeling a little pang at her heart. Feeling so ignorant, so bewildered, so untutored. As though somehow Life itself was toying with her.

In her own little room she walked to the window, pushed aside the dainty curtains, looked out.

On a wide street not far away motor cars constantly passed, chained together by strings of light; an electric sign flickered in and out, blue and green flame, THE DANCE PALACE it said; windows were lighted high up, intermittently, mocking the stars; an elevated train fled across the street's gaping canyon as though its brilliance was strung on air. Barrie was too far away to see the ugly iron framework which supported its fairy-like progress.

That was it. She had always been too far away. She wanted to be closer to things. To see what held them up, no matter how repulsive it might be; to see what made the wheels go round. To know, as Glee knew, and yet to keep that sunny sane philosophy, that sense of humor, that reckless happiness.

She was looking toward Michael's apartment, but she could not see it, and she pictured him there with his great devoted dog. She knew each detail of it, and she thought of Annie's picture on the living-room table. Some day perhaps she would be bold enough to ask him why he had it.

Thinking of Glee in the living room lying among her opulent cushions, waiting for the man whom the laws of her life denied her, but whom she had been brave enough to take, Barrie drew her curtains and, her eyes very grave and abstracted, prepared for bed.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Why Not Can a Little Every Week

By Mary Lee Swann, The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Ripe Cantaloupe Pickle.

PARE 1 dozen small cantaloupes (not too ripe), remove seeds and cut in quarters or smaller pieces. Cover with mild vinegar and let stand 24 hours. Drain off vinegar. To each quart of fresh vinegar add 3 pounds sugar, 3 ounces cinnamon, 2 ounces cloves and 2 ounces allspice. Boil until thick, skim well and cook the drained melons in the boiling syrup for 20 minutes. Remove melons to sterilized jars and continue boiling syrup until thick. Fill the jars to overflowing with the boiling syrup. Seal as usual.

Sweet Pickled Cantaloupe Rind.

PARE 7 pounds of cantaloupe rind and remove seeds and very soft portion. Cut in rounds, triangles or squares. Let stand overnight in cold salted water, allowing about 2 tablespoons salt to each quart of water. Drain off water, cover with fresh water and cook until tender. Drain. Mix 3½ pounds sugar with 1 pint vinegar, a small piece of cinnamon and 2 dozen cloves. Boil and skim. Add the cantaloupe, a little at a time so that it will not become mushy. Cook until barely tender. Remove to sterilized jars, pouring all the syrup from the jars back into the saucepan. When all the cantaloupe is cooked and in the jars, boil the syrup until as thick as you like and fill all the jars to overflowing. Seal as usual.

Spiced Rhubarb.

ADD 1 pint cider vinegar to 10 cups unpeeled diced rhubarb and cook gently until soft. Add 4 pounds sugar, 1 small stick cinnamon and 1 dozen whole cloves or 1 teaspoon ground cloves. Simmer gently until as thick as marmalade. Seal in sterilized jars and cover tops with melted paraffin.

Ginger Chutney.

WASH and peel 15 or 20 choice ripe tomatoes, 16 apples and remove seeds from 6 sweet green peppers. Peel 1½ dozen small onions. Finely chop the apples, peppers, onions and tomatoes. Add 1¼ cups chopped raisins, 3 cups mild vinegar, 3 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons ground ginger, a few grains cayenne or black pepper, 2 tablespoons salt and the strained juice of 5 lemons. Simmer gently until thick or for 3 or 4 hours. Seal in hot sterilized jars.

Lemon Butter (By Request).

CREAM ½ cup butter thoroughly. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and the grated rind of 1 lemon.

Herb Vinegars.

LOOSELY fill a small sterilized jar with fresh mint, tarragon, celery, chervil or any desired herb. Cover with cider vinegar, cover closely and let stand in a cool place for 3 weeks. Strain. Vary the vinegar by adding a few grains pepper. Garlic vinegar may be made by adding 1 or 2 crushed cloves of garlic to the vinegar and nasturtium vinegar by adding a cup of nasturtium leaves to the vinegar. Then let stand in cool place for 3 weeks, strain and bottle as usual.

Raspberry Vinegar.

PUT 1 pint of raspberries in a large bowl and pour 2 cups white wine vinegar over them. Cover closely and set aside overnight. Strain off the liquid. Pour this liquid over 1 pint raspberries, cover closely and let stand overnight. Strain off the liquid and bring to the boiling point. Add 3 pounds sugar and boil 20 minutes. Seal in hot sterilized bottles.

Pineapple Conserve.

PARE and remove eyes from 4 medium - sized pineapples. Shred the pineapples. Add 1 thinly sliced orange and 1 thinly sliced lemon. Simmer gently for 20 minutes. Measure. Add ⅔ as much sugar as fruit. Simmer gently until thick and the pineapple looks translucent. Seal in sterilized glasses or jars.

Send the coupon below for a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence suitable for framing.

John Hancock
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.
Please send me facsimile of Declaration of Independence.
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A. W. 6-23-35

RED BAKELITE LEAK-PROOF CAP 4 FLUID OUNCES
HANDY ESSO OIL
A DROP OF PREVENTION

A drop of Esso Handy Oil, the new rust preventive, is worth a pound of elbow-grease! Esso Handy Oil is also a fine cleaner, polisher and squeak-eliminator. Try it!
ESSO INC., 26 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

CRYSTAL-CLEAR • 100% LUBRICATING
PREVENTS RUST

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If frantic with an itching pimply skin, ugly red eruptions or rashes—due to external causes—don't suffer another moment. One application of comforting *Peterson's Ointment* instantly soothes—cools tender, irritated skin. Angry redness soon vanishes. Wonderful to soothe eczema, itching feet and cracks between toes. Peterson's Ointment, successful for 30 years—brings seemingly unbelievable results. Millions benefited. Try it—you'll be amazed. All druggists. Money back if it fails. **SAMPLE FREE.** Write Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. DA-68, Buffalo, New York.

Secrets of the Magicians

(Continued from Double Page)

in disclosing the fact that Julius had beneath his armpit a small sponge soaked in alcohol. He had quietly moistened the envelope with this, so making the paper transparent. Fortunately, the word was a simple English name that was covered in their code. That, of course, was pure luck—but, then, Julius Zancig always was a lucky man. As a result of the notices he received, he undertook vaudeville engagements that brought him in the better part of $20,000.

Apart from his professional success, Zancig had a keen business brain. At the 1924 Wembley Exhibition in England he took a fortune-telling booth in the Fun Fair, and trained a number of attractive young ladies in the palmistry business. It was sheer hocus-pocus, but it brought him in nearly $1,000 a week. Each of the young ladies paid him a fixed amount for the use of his name—and some of them did so well that they were pocketing $500 a month.

Zancig spent very little of the money he earned. In his early days he had known all the misery and desolation that extreme poverty can bring—he had been an iron smelter—and it was his intention to set aside a large sum to keep him in luxurious retirement. He had all but achieved his object when death claimed him in 1929.

Horace Goldin, who might be called the discoverer of the Zancigs, is, of course, a skilled magician himself. One very effective illusion is what appears to the audience to be the sawing of a woman in half, right in front of their eyes. A lady assistant is hypnotized and placed full-length on a board. A circular saw above her is set in motion and slowly lowered, lower and lower, until it apparently begins to cut into the woman's stomach—and then, on and on, the saw keeps cutting until it has sawed through the entire width of the woman on the board. This illusion is one of the greatest magical effects ever exhibited, but I am not at liberty to explain this to the public because of my association with Goldin.

Another one of Goldin's thrilling illusions which I am not at liberty to explain is almost startling. A powerful drill is applied to the back of a male assistant and apparently drills a hole clean through his body. Goldin, the performer, then passes his arm through the man's body from the back. A rope, which has previously been examined by the audience, is also passed through the hole made by the drill.

When I think of the gentle, fortunate and, sometimes, heroic Zancig, I am often reminded of another—the immortal Paul Cinquevalli, one of the truest and kindest men it has been my fortune to befriend. Cinquevalli was not, of course, a magician like Houdini, nor a "mental" worker of Zancig's type. He was a juggler—in my opinion, the finest juggler the world has ever seen.

Born of Russian parents, he started life as a trouper artist. When he fell and smashed an ankle in a circus—I think, in Moscow—it was the luckiest thing that ever happened to him. He was no longer able to take an ankle hold on his trapeze, and so, rather desperately, turned his attention to billiard balls and Indian clubs. He had a fine eye, and a flair for balance. His hands, though not large, were safe and sensitive. So he started over again, just as Zancig did.

I never saw Paul make a mistake in his juggling. His "rain" of billiard balls was little short of a miracle. But, perhaps, his most famous tricks were the catching of a 40-pound ball on his neck—the deviation of half an inch would have killed him; the balancing of two billiard balls, one on top of the other, on top of a cue; and running a billiard ball up and down the length of a cue.

As a matter of fact, neither of these last were true balancing feats. One of the balls used in the one-top balance had a side very slightly flattened. This side he placed on the tip of the cue. On top of the ball he introduced—of course, unseen by the audience—a tiny disc of rubber with a hole in the center. This was sufficient to grip the second ball when balanced. There is no denying the thing was something of a "swindle"—in that the feat was not all it appeared to be. None the less, the raising of the cues and balls, and balancing from the forehead called for superfine judgment. Not one in a hundred modern jugglers could do it.

Paul used a special cue when he performed the billiard ball "run." This had a very fine groove cut down its entire length. To some extent, the ball, running along the cue, may be likened to a train on rails—the groove prevented the ball from slipping. But this, too, was a feat that would defy the skill of all but a true artist.

Cinquevalli died in the manner he would have wished. He was playing his violin before a gathering of friends in his home at Brixton, London, when the bow slipped from his fingers and he sank to the floor—dead.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

Thanks for the tip it was simple--- like magic. ZiP got rid of every Hair
I knew you'd like it. I wouldn't use anything but ZiP It's so quick and easy.
ZiP PERFUMED CREAM DEPILATORY
TWICE THE SIZE - HALF THE PRICE
ACTUALLY GETS RID OF HAIR

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THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

Anchors Aweigh for a Nautical Feast

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

JUNE is the month of many Cup Races, when watercraft of every type skuttles before the breeze, and when a nautical luncheon or bridge party is quite the smartest theme in entertainment.

Naturally, red, white, and blue, are the chief colors on which to draw for the linens, china, glassware and novelties used in the table setting. One strikingly arranged table which drew a first prize at a recent contest was developed as follows:

The cloth was pure white heavy damask covering the entire table. China was a simple but strong pattern of blue and white. The goblets were of a ruby red color in a squat low design. The small napkins used were of red lipstick linen with a white anchor worked in coarse, white thread in one corner.

The mats used for the place plates were made by the hostess herself from heavy sailcloth type linen, edged with a rope or lightweight twilled cord such as is used so extensively on all boats. This cord or sash-cord or thin rope may be found in all hardware and marine stores.

The centerpiece was charming, and was arranged with a large oval mirror set the long diameter of the table. On this were placed two ships, both of chromium, in a design of a sail-boat with full flying sails. Around the edges of the mirror which of course represented the water, were tiny glass fish of iridescent glasspoint a miniature Cape Cod lighthouse. All of these items can be purchased at gift shops.

Another prize arrangement used as its centerpiece a large glass fish of iridescent glassware, filled with delicate Summer flowers. Small dishes for salted nuts were likewise of crystal glass in a fish design. Other novelties were the small scallop shells made from silver lustre glass, similar to that of Christmas tree ornaments. These were used to hold candies, and were given to each guest as a souvenir.

Flags from opposing entries—America vs Britain, Harvard vs Yale, may also be featured, or the colors of such crews or ships.

Another table used this clever scheme: one entire long side of the table was covered with bunting in a bright blue shade, while the opposite side of the table was covered by a long runner of crimson bunting. Crystal stemware was used on the entire table. The centerpiece was a novelty brass anchor, while at either end was set a brass signal lantern such as gives the warning ruby or green "all's well" light. Small paper oars held the names of each guest.

Marine shops are always fascinating to linger in, and always suggest interesting ideas for the most usual marine objects and equipment. Thus the nets which are a part of so many fishing boats, may be used as a table cover, or hung against the walls, or of course, used as curtains, for fish-nets of all weaves are among the smartest of Summer curtain hangings.

One hostess wished to provide a small powder room off the hall for the convenience of guests. She set a small dressing table in one corner, and on it placed a second-hand life-preserver back of which she glued a mirror. Around the table she draped an old fishnet and its bobbing corks. Result: the envy and admiration of all her guests. Several small shelves were mounted on the large corks so common in marine stores, and here again was a novel arrangement of a small decorative shelf.

For the hostess who serves cocktails there is a most effective smart tray with a nautical make-up. The tray itself shows a modernistic scene of an ocean liner in black, red, and blue. The ends are an anchor painted red and made gay with brass stars.

Matching it are sets of small trays featuring jolly sailorboys dancing a spirited hornpipe. The trays are in baked enamel, and have different soft rose, blue and tan backgrounds, which make the figures more bold and striking. Both the large and the small trays would assure a boating atmosphere to any festivity.

While the following table arrangements and menu might not be possible to every location, this guest luncheon should interest every hostess for its originality.

The centerpiece was composed of large seacoral "fans" in contrasting yellow and orchid shades, combined with natural seaweeds in strong colors. At each place reposed a small and lovely pale pink conch shell holding the placecard with the guest's name.

The first course was clams on the half shell; the second was a hot entree of a baked fish served individually on large scallop shells; the main course was a cold salad of lobster and crab, with a dressing and elaborate garnish.

It was served from a bowl made from a giant starfish used inverted. This of course gave a very novel atmosphere to the menu. (It is easy to hollow out a star-fish, dry it carefully and keep it for such use).

The dessert was various forms or shapes of ice cream molded as colored fish. Certainly a seafood and marine luncheon, if there ever was one, and a picture for both eye and palate.

Another unique table arrangement which however, can be copied by any hostess, and which is particularly suitable to the Summer bridge or porch refreshment party is also extremely inexpensive and very original and colorful.

Plan for small tables seating four guests each. Provide palm-leaf fans, one for each place, and lay the fan on the table instead of any regular plate. It is possible to buy fans in bright colors, too, which is even more effective. On the fan center a large grapeleaf, or similar large and fresh green leaf. It is on the leaf that the sandwiches are to be placed.

Now for the main dish or novelty: in advance supply cocoanuts enough to serve one to each person. Saw off their tops just enough to permit a generous opening for convenient eating.

Remove all the hard, white inner pulp or flesh so that each "cup" is quite clean. Saw a thin slice from the opposite bottom so that the cup will stand level. When they are finished, each provides a generous and novel goblet or tall bowl.

Fruit salad with a cream dressing is the suitable filling, although a frozen fruit mousse might be a substitute. However, in the original party it was a salad of pineapple, orange and fresh strawberries topped with a cream dressing which was so used. When the cup is filled, sprinkle on at the last a generous topping of freshly grated or soft type cocoanut.

Place this salad goblet on the fan, and arrange on the green leaf the three sandwiches which should all be different. Thus, plain butter and cress, a minced tongue filling and one sweet filling such as minced cherries and cream cheese, is one excellent variety. Add a tall glass of chilled beverage, and the trick is done.

This luncheon or buffet was given in honor of the writer when she was wintering in the South, and the entire room of 20 tables was set and ready with the salad cup and every other item before the guests entered the room. Conversation and pleasant introductions were delightful to make under this informal type meal all arranged by a hostess and her young daughter.

Guests to all these simple affairs may be invited to come attired in beach costumes, in slacks, or similar sports wear. Porch or veranda may easily be transformed into a "gang-way" of a ship, into "cabins"; dressing rooms, etc.

The guests may be presented with clever passports, or asked to make up their own, or have the home photographer pose them for their passport photos—always a source of fun. Travel booklets, etc., may be distributed, and indeed the whole party take on the appearance of a cruise according to the time and interest of the host and hostess.

Individual menus need not be given for such nautical feasts, but the following are suggestions suitable to endless combinations and service:

First Courses:

Tomato and clam broth, jellied or hot; fish appetizers, anchovies, caviar; shrimp or crab or lobster cocktail.

Second Courses:

Cold salads such as tuna, crab, or lobster; hot entrees like lobster Thermidor, scalloped crab, clams Casino, fried soft shell crabs, etc., fish flake mousse served in fancy fish or lobster shape; clam chowder.

Desserts:

Fruit salad; fresh melons halved with berries or fruit ice in center; fruit ices especially lemon, raspberry and pineapple.

Breads:

Tiny cornmeal muffins; hot novelty rolls; toasted pilot biscuit; bread sticks.

Beverages:

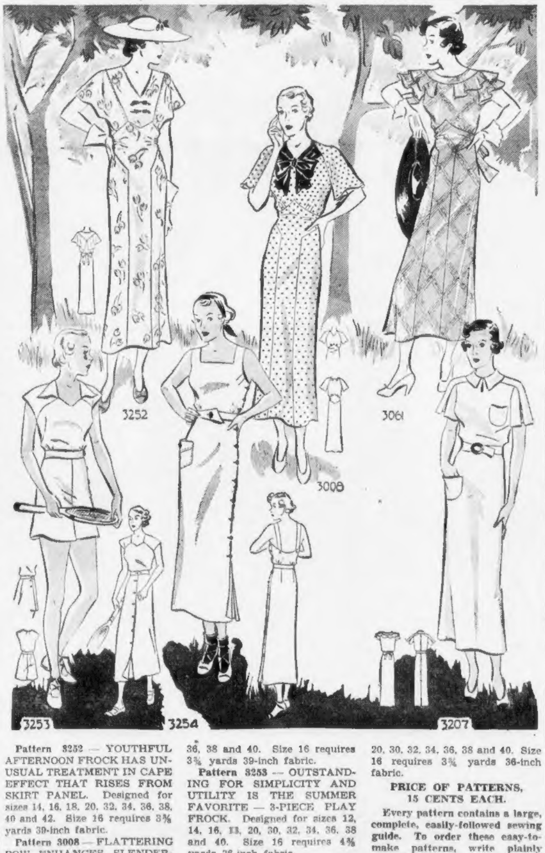
Iced tea or coffee; ginger ale punches; cocktails.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann,

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Orange Juice, Scotch Bran (Oatmeal and Bran), Poached Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Cantaloupe, Barley with Dates, Rolled Omelet, Toasted Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit, Finnan Haddie Balls, Bacon, Radishes, Reheated German Coffee Cake, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Prune Juice, Gluten Cereal, Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Blackberries, Sauteed Fish and Potato Cakes, Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Pineapple Juice, Cereal, French Toast, Bacon, Marmalade, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit, Spanish Omelet, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon Calf's Liver en Brochette, Potatoes, Sunshine Salad, Tapioca Sponge.	*Luncheon* Armenian Green Peppers, Buttered Lima Beans, French Rolls, Chocolate Blanc Mange.	*Luncheon* New Orleans Tripe, Creamed Potatoes, Cabbage Salad, Lemon Mayonnaise, Fruit Jelly, Tea.	*Luncheon* Spinach Souffle, Cream Sauce, Baked Potatoes or Spaghetti, Date Bars.	*Luncheon* Eggs a la King or Queen, Green Bouquet Salad (Any Tender Greens in Season), Savory French Dressing, Baking Powder Biscuits, Sliced Oranges.	*Luncheon* Barbecued Frankfurters, Baked Potatoes, Tomato Salad, French Dressing, Apple Turnovers.	*Dinner* Beef Balls with Spinach, Macaroni, Lima Beans, Vegetable Salad, French Dressing, Strawberry Ice Box Cake.
Dinner Broth with Noodles, Emergency Croquettes, Steamed String Beans, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Blackberry Pudding.	*Dinner* Breaded Veal Cutlets, Mashed Potatoes, Spiced Carrots or Beets, Spinach with Hard Cooked Egg, Dutch Apple Cherry Cake.	*Dinner* Salisbury Steak, Buttered Lima Beans, Asparagus Salad, Banana and Rhubarb Compote.	*Dinner (Company)* Tomato Bouillon or Tomato Appetizers, Broiled Lamb Chops, New Turnips, Corn Custard, Prune, Cress and Lettuce Salad, Fruit Dressing, Pineapple Parfait.	*Dinner* Breaded Halibut, Baked Potatoes, Green Peas and Diced Carrots, Pickles, Lemon Sherbet, Lace Cookies or Sponge Drops.	*Dinner* Georgia Brunswick Stew, Golden Corn Bread, Cucumber and Radish Salad, Cantaloupe with Coffee Ice Cream.	*Supper* Stuffed Squash Salad with Lettuce, Romaine and Watercress, Mayonnaise Dressing, Cream Cheese Balls, Crackers, Filled Cup Cakes.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3252 — YOUTHFUL AFTERNOON FROCK HAS UNUSUAL TREATMENT IN CAPE EFFECT THAT RISES FROM SKIRT PANEL. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3008 — FLATTERING BOW ENHANCES SLENDERIZING LINE OF RAGLAN SLEEVE IN SUMMERY AFTERNOON FROCK. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric and 1⅛ yards 5-inch ribbon.

Pattern 3061—SOFT WAISTLINE TREATMENT AND PERKY YOUNG RUFFLES LEND FEMININE CHARM TO SHEER FROCK. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3253 — OUTSTANDING FOR SIMPLICITY AND UTILITY IS THE SUMMER FAVORITE — 3-PIECE PLAY FROCK. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3254 — SMARTEST SUN-BACK SPORTS FROCK WEARS ITS BUTTONS ON THE SIDE LINE! SLIT AND EASY FIT FOR FREEDOM. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3207 — READY TO "GET INTO ACTION" IS SIMPLE SPORTS FROCK WITH SKIRT AND SLEEVE PLEATS. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

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"Dodge famous features, plus remarkable economy, enabled us to secure record-breaking volume for 1935, even in excess of tremendous increase last year." — Thornton-Fuller Company, Philadelphia.

GEO. H THORNTON

"The public of New Orleans is giving us record-breaking sales. More car for each dollar they invest has caused this swing to Dodge." — Collord Motors, Inc., New Orleans, La.

I. R. COLLORD

"Our Dodge retail deliveries in 1935 are 105% ahead of same period last year, and equal first 8 months of 1934. Buyers are recognizing Dodge remarkable economy." — E. J. Horton, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

E. J. HORTON

"Dodge is sweeping all competition — outselling all except lowest-priced cars. Record-breaking sales due to greater economy. Owners report it best value today." — S. L. Savidge, Inc., Seattle, Wash.

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"1934 broke all sales records in our 21 years in automobile business. To date in 1935 we have an increase of 128%, over same period 1934."—The Trew Motor Company, Washington, D. C.

JOSEPH B. TREW

"Our deliveries are 609 cars up to now, for 1935, compared with 469 last year."—Sanders Motor Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

BEN SANDERS

THIS is the biggest year in history for Dodge dealers. Reports pouring in from all parts of the country tell of the smashing success of the new Dodge.

Motorists are finding in Dodge a big, comfortable car that gets 3 to 5 more miles per gallon than small, competitive makes.

Dodge owners everywhere say they're actually getting 18—20—22—and even more miles per gallon with equally astounding savings on oil!

This astonishing economy didn't just happen. It's engineered into Dodge. The famous Dodge "Red Ram" engine has full-length water jackets . . automatic spark advance with vacuum control . . automatic choke . . hardened alloy steel valve seat inserts, spray-cooled . . oil filter . . a combination of features that save you money every day you drive.

And Dodge is winning the nation's praise for many other startling advancements. The "Airglide Ride" gives motorists amazing new riding comfort. Its new Synchromatic driving control makes driving almost effortless.

Drive the new Dodge yourself. See how economical it is. See what a big car you can now own — with safety all-steel body and perfected, dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes — for only a few dollars more than you would pay for the lowest-priced cars.

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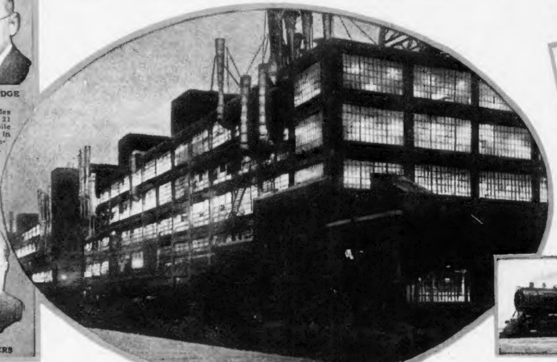
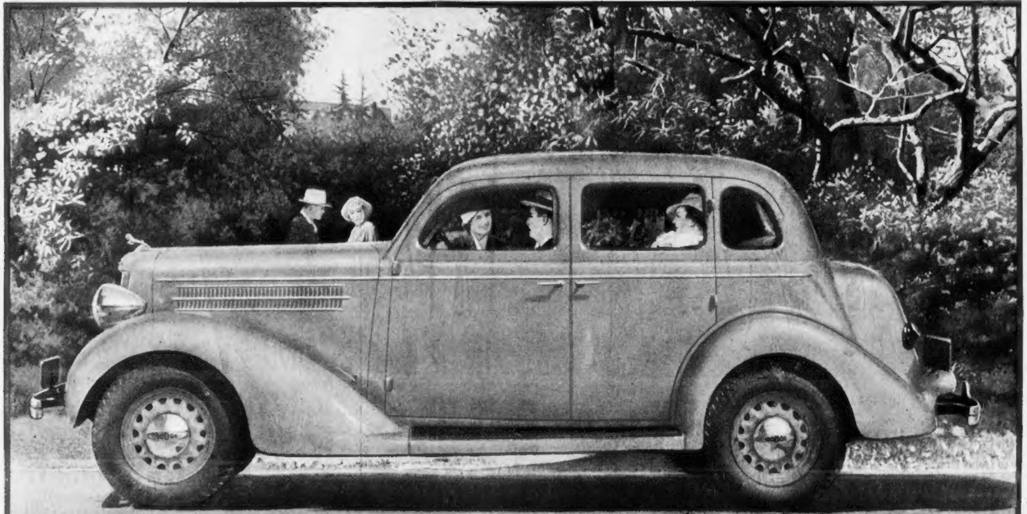


Out they go—by boatloads and truck-aways as orders pour in from all parts of the country, and dealers telephone and wire for more and more cars — in this year's record-breaking swing to Dodge economy and value!

And business is good, too, with Dodge trucks and commercial cars—now priced with the lowest — as this everyday activity on the shipping docks reveals.

Train-load after train-load of new Dodges are rushing to all points to meet sensational demand for new Dodge value! With Dodge dealers reporting the highest peak of domestic sales in ten years, export sales have also increased phenomenally.



New-Value Dodge Sedan (2-door) now only $690*—Touring Sedan (4-door) as illustrated, now only $760*

OWNERS TELL OF AMAZING GAS ECONOMY

"This new Dodge is so big, so good-looking, and has so many touches of refinement, I could never imagine it would be priced so low," says Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, Jr., member of one of America's most distinguished families.

"On a 225-mile trip, I had been using 16 gallons of gasoline," says J. R. Bryant, Henderson, Ky. "I made this trip with the 1935 model, only using eleven and one-half gallons."

Writing of a recent trip to Miami, Fla., in his new Dodge, T. A. Burke, St. Louis, Mo. says, "Besides the unusual comfort, we were surprised to find that we averaged better than 20 miles to the gallon."

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New-Value DODGE *now only* $645*

NEW-VALUE DODGE: Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $770. Special 128" w. b. 7-passenger Sedan $995. Dodge Trucks $365 and up.

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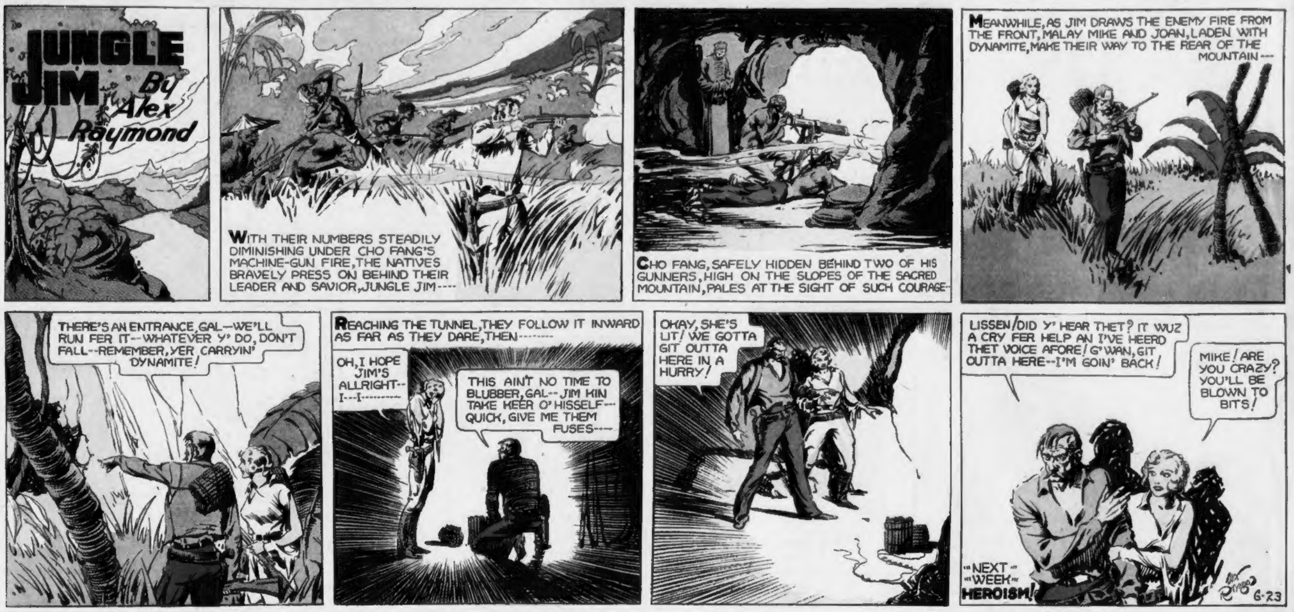
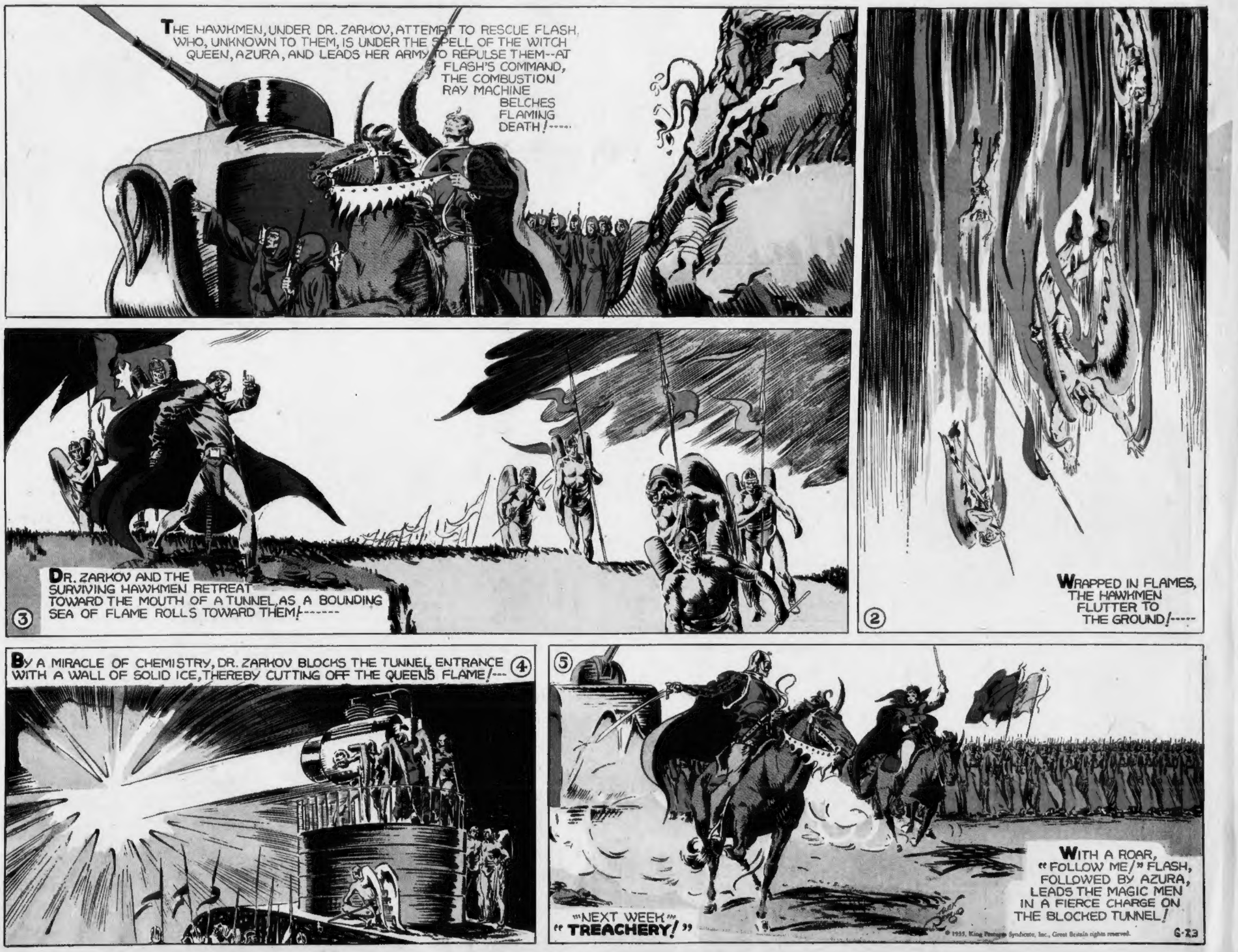

JUNGLE JIM
By Alex Raymond
WITH THEIR NUMBERS STEADILY DIMINISHING UNDER CHO FANG'S MACHINE-GUN FIRE, THE NATIVES BRAVELY PRESS ON BEHIND THEIR LEADER AND SAVIOR, JUNGLE JIM----
CHO FANG, SAFELY HIDDEN BEHIND TWO OF HIS GUNNERS, HIGH ON THE SLOPES OF THE SACRED MOUNTAIN, PALES AT THE SIGHT OF SUCH COURAGE-
MEANWHILE, AS JIM DRAWS THE ENEMY FIRE FROM THE FRONT, MALAY MIKE AND JOAN, LADEN WITH DYNAMITE, MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE REAR OF THE MOUNTAIN---
THERE'S AN ENTRANCE, GAL—WE'LL RUN FER IT--WHATEVER Y' DO, DON'T FALL--REMEMBER, YER CARRYIN' DYNAMITE!
REACHING THE TUNNEL, THEY FOLLOW IT INWARD AS FAR AS THEY DARE, THEN--------
OH, I HOPE JIM'S ALLRIGHT-- I---I---------
THIS AIN'T NO TIME TO BLUBBER, GAL--JIM KIN TAKE KEER O' HISSELF--- QUICK, GIVE ME THEM FUSES----
OKAY, SHE'S LIT! WE GOTTA GIT OUTTA HERE IN A HURRY!
LISSEN! DID Y' HEAR THET? IT WUZ A CRY FER HELP AN I'VE HEERD THET VOICE AFORE! G'WAN, GIT OUTTA HERE--I'M GOIN' BACK!
MIKE! ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS!
"NEXT" "WEEK" HEROISM!
Alex Raymond
6-23

Flash Gordon


THE HAWKMEN, UNDER DR. ZARKOV, ATTEMPT TO RESCUE FLASH, WHO, UNKNOWN TO THEM, IS UNDER THE SPELL OF THE WITCH QUEEN, AZURA, AND LEADS HER ARMY TO REPULSE THEM--AT FLASH'S COMMAND, THE COMBUSTION RAY MACHINE BELCHES FLAMING DEATH!-----
② WRAPPED IN FLAMES, THE HAWKMEN FLUTTER TO THE GROUND!-----
③ DR. ZARKOV AND THE SURVIVING HAWKMEN RETREAT TOWARD THE MOUTH OF A TUNNEL, AS A BOUNDING SEA OF FLAME ROLLS TOWARD THEM!-------
④ BY A MIRACLE OF CHEMISTRY, DR. ZARKOV BLOCKS THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE WITH A WALL OF SOLID ICE, THEREBY CUTTING OFF THE QUEEN'S FLAME!---
⑤ WITH A ROAR, "FOLLOW ME!" FLASH, FOLLOWED BY AZURA, LEADS THE MAGIC MEN IN A FIERCE CHARGE ON THE BLOCKED TUNNEL!
"NEXT WEEK" "TREACHERY!"
Alex Raymond
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